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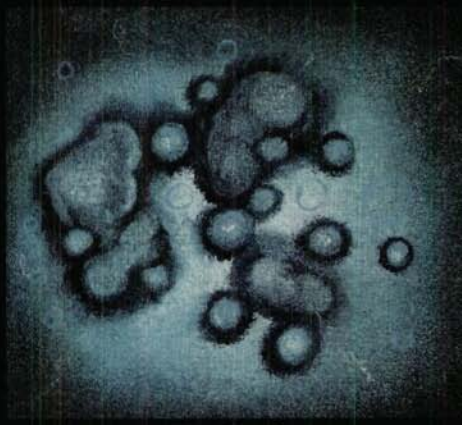

The Measles

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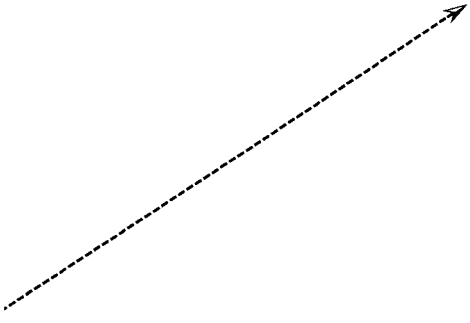

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FROM WASHINGTON

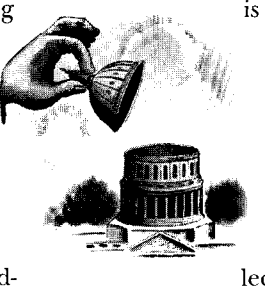
Don't Blame Darwin

It is with no small amount of pride that I announce my latest career achievement: I was recently anointed "Mr. Gene" by a newspaper writer. The reference was to my tireless—some say tiresome—advocacy of a field known as evolutionary psychology, which sees a genetic basis for just about every part of the human mind. This intellectual obsession produced some puzzlement here at TNR recently, during our well-publicized tempest over the article in which Charles Murray and the late Richard Herrnstein suggested a genetic basis for the black-white I.Q. gap. The tempest pitted a vocal majority that opposed publication against a very small but powerful minority that favored it. At least one member of the minority was heard to ask: Why doesn't Mr. Gene favor publication? Why does he flinch when the subject turns to race?

I answer not just in self-defense, but also in defense of poor Charles Darwin. People seem to think his theory leads inexorably to notions of racial superiority. *Newsweek*'s recent spread on the Murray-Herrnstein thesis featured a sidebar on academically successful blacks and Hispanics titled "In Defiance of Darwin." I can only respond by saying—and I believe I speak for most Darwinians—*Aaaaargh*! Modern Darwinism says a lot, but it says very little, one way or the other, about racial differences.

For starters, most evolutionary psychologists don't study traits that run in races, or even in families, but rather in species—like ours. They study what John Tooby and Leda Cosmides of the University of California, Santa Barbara, call "the psychic unity of humankind." Much of the intellectual appeal of modern Darwinism rests on this unity—on how elegantly the theory of natural selection explains the presence in every human culture of guilt, gratitude, compassion, the sense of justice, the battle of the sexes and so on. This doesn't mean there couldn't possibly be a sizable genetically based I.Q. gap among races. But none of the theories that constitute evolutionary psychology give cause to expect one.

Even if a Darwinian does note differences among people and says the difference is "in the genes," that may not mean what you'd think. Consider self-esteem. All people have a genetically based mental program that translates social feedback into low or high self-esteem; we are designed by natural selection to calibrate our social aspirations "realistically," given our social assets and our social milieu. Thus high self-esteem may be "in your genes" in the sense (a) that the program for calibrating it is in *everyone's* genes; or (b) that, say, facial attractiveness, which invites feedback that boosts self-esteem, is in *your* genes. But neither of these is the same as having genes for high self-esteem.



This points to the hidden complexity in a favorite concept of Murray and Herrnstein's—"heritability". They declare resoundingly that the heritability of I.Q. is around .6. This means 60 percent of the variation in I.Q. among individuals (not necessarily racial groups) is due to variation in genes. But *which* genes? Consider again the case of self-esteem. Suppose you used standard methods for estimating heritability, and found that half of the variation in self-esteem is due to genetic variation. This number wouldn't tell you whether the variation is in genes for high and low self-esteem or simply in genes for good and bad looks. The official heritability of a trait can be large even if there is no variation in genes for that trait per se.

This is known as "reactive heritability" (and has been dissected by Tooby and Cosmides). It clouds the heritability picture in a way that is hard to entirely clear up. As a result, those impressive numbers for I.Q. "heritability" are vaguer in meaning than they sound. One can imagine various non-intellectual traits that may differ genetically and influence intellectual development from a young age, thus pumping up the numbers for "heritability". Even looks or robustness or gregariousness—there are Darwinian reasons to suspect that parents more assiduously stimulate a cute or vibrant child than an ugly or passive one.

Genes for skin color illustrate reactive heritability. Skin color affects society's perceptions, parents' perceptions and a child's self-perception from early on. If all this leads black people to learn less, and to thus have a low I.Q., then, technically, you could say on this basis alone that the heritability of I.Q. is non-trivial; some of the gap between black and white I.Q. will be statistically "accounted for" by genes—even though the genes are just for skin color. Thus we could change heritability by changing social attitudes.

Murray and Herrnstein, after working hard to convince us that the lower average I.Q. of blacks is in part due directly to the genes, say it doesn't really matter anyway. After all (they say), even if parents are handing down low I.Q.s to their children through *cultural* means—by, say, having low expectations, and thus not bothering to turn on Sesame Street—the fact remains that they *are* handing it down. And, Murray and Herrnstein note, no known policies bring breathtaking improvement.

It's certainly true that culture is a stubborn force. But that doesn't mean it doesn't matter whether the I.Q. gap is cultural or genetic. Indeed, if it's cultural, then it even matters whether we *say* it's cultural. If we tell black parents that low I.Q. is "in their genes," they're less likely to give the sort of intellectual nurturance that they are uniquely positioned to give. Thus the correlation between black genes and low I.Q. will grow—even if the only relevant genes are for skin color. The publication of the Murray-Herrnstein article—and the book on which it was based—could actually affect the heritability of I.Q.!

Which helps explain why many of us were against giving the book a big send-off. The issue was not one of censorship; the book already exists, and is assured of attention by its content and its masterful marketing. The issue was not one of scientific freedom; the book is largely a compilation of findings already published in academic journals.

The issue is in some ways less the book than the author. As others noted last week, Charles Murray has long looked for reasons to basically end government aid to poor people. In an earlier book he said we should do this to help them advance economically (by eliminating perverse welfare incentives). Now he says we should do it because they can't be much helped anyway (and because denying them child-rearing money will relieve "dysgenic" pressure). This convenient fit between Murray's science and his politics should not, and ultimately will not, affect scientific evaluation. His claims will either survive scrutiny or fail to (though the jury will be out for awhile, owing to the subtlety of the empirical issues). In science, truth does win in the long run.

continued on page 49

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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NOVEMBER 7, 1994

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CORRESPONDENCE

Fact Czeching

To the editors:

In "My So-Called Foreign Policy" (October 10), Owen Harries appears to paraphrase Czech President Vaclav Havel as conceding that "an expansion of NATO could not be justified in terms of America's national interest." As a former press secretary and adviser to President Havel, I am unaware of any such statement, which would be contrary to his thinking on the subject. In his op-ed piece in *The New York Times* of October 17, 1993, Havel argued for the inclusion of the Czech Republic and other countries of Central Europe in NATO because "it is in the vital interest of the democracies to support freedom and the democracy elsewhere in Europe."

It is one thing to argue against the expansion of NATO. It is quite another to try to buttress a dubious argument by incorrectly invoking the moral authority of the Czech president.

MICHAEL ZANTOVSKY
Czech Ambassador
Washington, D.C.

Owen Harries replies:

Czech President Vaclav Havel, in his *Foreign Affairs* article "A Call for Sacrifice" (May/April), makes a case for a Western commitment to a new order in Central Europe, including the rapid extension of NATO eastward. He does not make this case in terms of Western national interests. On the contrary, he calls for "a willingness to sacrifice for the common interest something of one's own particular interests." Deploring what he interprets as the West's selfishness and materialism, he characterizes its attitudes thus: "A liberal market economy? Yes, but only for us. Security? Yes, but only for us. National interests? Yes, but only our own." I take these passages to indicate that Havel believes that the case for the Western commitment he calls for cannot be made in conventional national interest terms, but requires an appeal to "higher" common interests.

Trashing Eleanor

To the editors:

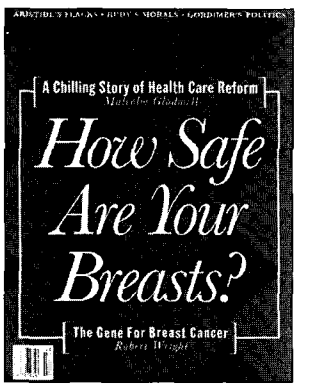
Joe Klein's nasty treatment of Eleanor Roosevelt ("The Original Power Couple," October 10) makes me glad my TNR subscription is about to run out. What sins she was guilty of! According to Klein, her heart was almost always in the right place, she argued for the poor, demanded equal rights for blacks, opposed the internment of Japanese-Americans, waged a losing battle to admit Jewish refugees, fought for labor and women. Hell, anyone that rotten deserves to be trashed, and Klein accommodates.

Also, for all his greatness, FDR did not integrate the military. It was rigidly segregated throughout World War II.

DONALD R. SLINKARD
Fresno, California

Dangerous game

To the editors:



Not very, if Michael Lewis is in the vicinity.

ANNE WOLFSON
New York, New York

To the editors:

TNR readers are so stiff they would not recognize fun if it hit them in their pseudo-intellectual heads. Not every article has to be about health care, foreign policy or existentialism to be interesting. I don't think Michael Lewis's Diarist ("Scenic Beauty," October 3) was meant to be ground-breaking news. I found it amusing and enjoyable to read. It was certainly more enlightening than many of TNR's past Diarists. Fred Barnes's relationship with his son? Jonathan Bines's trip to traffic school? The health of David Shipley's miniature cacti?

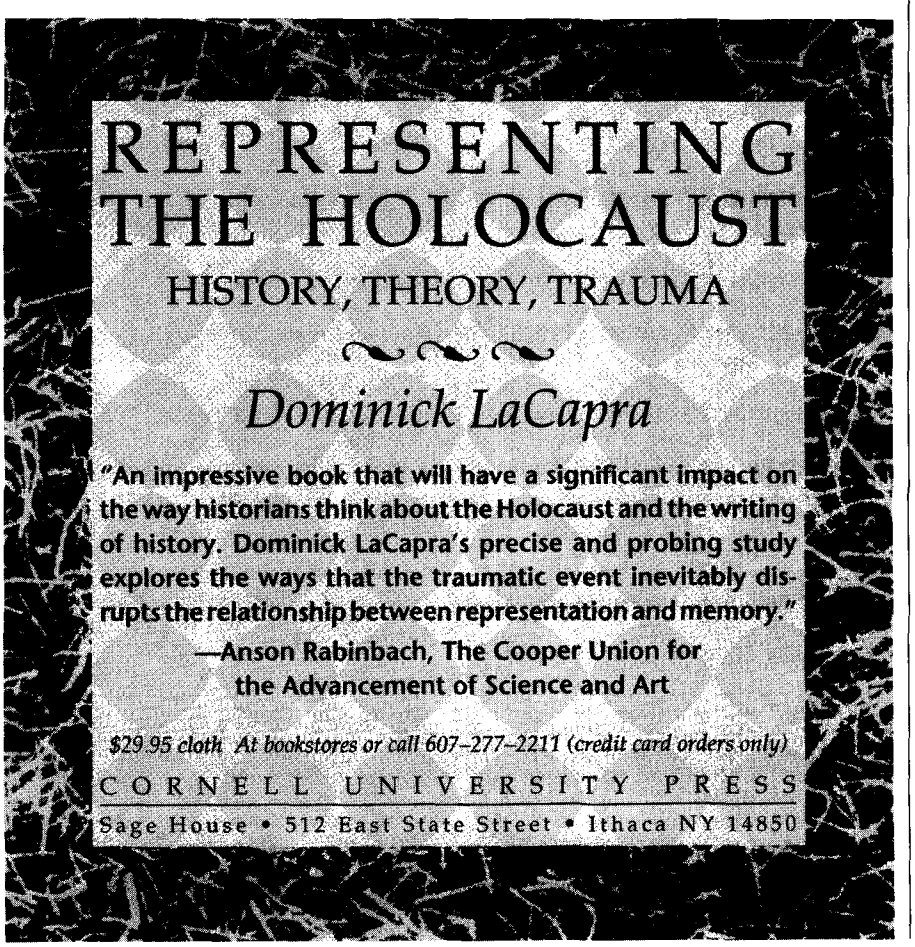
THIERRY OLIVIER DESMET
Miami, Florida

In love with Bloom

To the editors:

Harold Bloom is on his way to becoming an indispensable national treasure largely because he's one of the few living mortals who still understands that literary art—including fiction—is genuinely significant, in fact dead serious.

This doesn't mean, as Robert Alter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seems to fret in "Beauty and the Best" (October 10), that literary art can't be funny: the real stuff has trouble avoiding being funny, though few remain, inside academia or out, with literary taste or training healthy or robust enough to know this. It appears that the art-battle of will and death, with survival the issue, scares off even the otherwise intelligent Alter. Plenty of writers, he says, waltzing delicately away from Bloom, actually like the literary tradition they receive, seeing it as a "body of resources to be ... happily transformed." Others, he tells us, may be "interested" in immortality but not as an "overriding concern."

I'm pained to see one more critic-reader fall away into the American theme park of Lite Lit, where the half dozen or so genuinely intellectual and courageous readers still in the land seem destined soon to follow.

ERIC LARSEN
New York, New York

Home team

To the editors:

In "Out in the Cold" (October 3), Sally Satel misses the thrust of President Clinton's homeless strategy. The president and HUD Secretary Henry Cisneros have charted a dual course of long-term approaches and immediate solutions. By combining programs and increasing local control, our new approach will allow non-profit providers and local governments to construct a comprehensive continuum of care systems. Gaps in the current system—including the lack of mental health and substance abuse treatment—can now be filled because community providers will be free to direct resources where they are needed most.

We have doubled the HUD budget to help homeless people suffering from serious mental illnesses and other chronic disabilities and those who have experienced crisis poverty. Our challenge now is to translate these changes into fewer homeless people on the street and more in decent care and affordable housing.

ANDREW CUOMO
Assistant Secretary, Department of Housing and Urban Development
Washington, D.C.

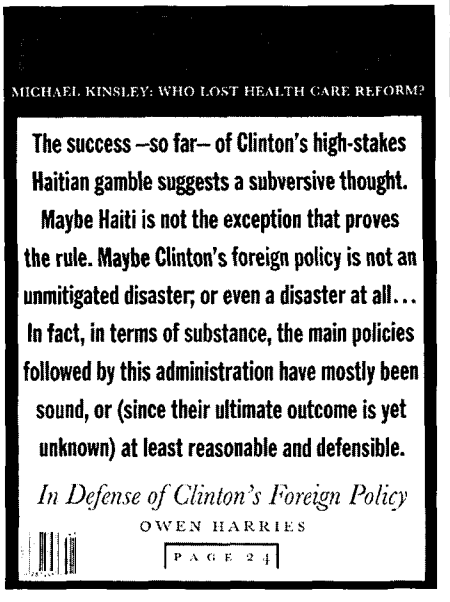
Faux feminist

To the editors:

Colin McGinn's misrepresentations of the arguments in my book *Feminist Morality* ("Mothers and Moralists," October 3) take many forms. He claims that assigning to women the "patriarchal obligation of having children and bringing them up" is a position that "follows logically" from what I say. I imply no such thing. I say that those engaged in the activity of mothering, in which fathers ought to share, may gain experience relevant to morality that those not engaged in this activity may lack.

McGinn claims I argue that we should "go around duplicating" the mothering relation "in every social encounter of our lives," and that this implies that "we should treat everybody as if we were their mothers." What I actually say is that we should consider the model of a relation of caring as a helpful contrast to the model of a contractual relation.

McGinn also ignores my arguments against the familiar objection that whatever feminist philosophers are saying of


MICHAEL KINSLEY: WHO LOST HEALTH CARE REFORM?
The success –so far– of Clinton's high-stakes Haitian gamble suggests a subversive thought. Maybe Haiti is not the exception that proves the rule. Maybe Clinton's foreign policy is not an unmitigated disaster; or even a disaster at all... In fact, in terms of substance, the main policies followed by this administration have mostly been sound, or (since their ultimate outcome is yet unknown) at least reasonable and defensible.
In Defense of Clinton's Foreign Policy
OWEN HARRIES
PAGE 24

merit has already been said better by male philosophers. He remains tied to the assumption that the experience of men and women is interchangeable, so examining the experience of women offers nothing original. McGinn suppresses my entire discussion of giving birth, and of whether it is significant in the different moral outlooks and attitudes toward death of men and women.

McGinn claims to be a feminist, but he favors no more than allowing women to compete with men on men's terms.

VIRGINIA HELD
New York, New York

Dim-witted

To the editors:

In his latest attempt to trash President Clinton, Fred Barnes ("Scalded Dogs," October 3) makes the following mind-boggling statement: "The president's major pieces of legislation—the 1993 budget stressing deficit reduction, NAFTA and the crime bill—are bills George Bush cheerfully would have signed."

President Clinton's budget was passed despite solid opposition from Republicans in both Houses. Every Republican leader condemned the budget and still does. It attempted to reverse the fiscal policy of Bush and his dim-witted predecessor by increasing taxes on the very rich and paring military spending, thus reducing the annual deficits.

As to the contention that Bush would have cheerfully signed the anti-crime bill, throughout his entire public life, George Bush has been an NRA lap-dog. He successfully fought every attempt to regulate handguns and automatic weapons, backing the NRA position on every issue. Republicans in both Houses used every means to kill the bill.

Barnes must assume either that TNR readers are too stupid or misinformed to spot these whoppers or that they share his hatred of Clinton. I suspect he's wrong on both counts.

AARON STERNFIELD
Switzerland

Unreformed

To the editors:

If Mickey Kaus believes welfare reform will be the salvation of the Clinton administration, he is smoking something—and inhaling ("The Cure," TRB, September 12). Reform with teeth, i.e., any real reform, will no doubt be met with a blizzard of lawsuits alleging the deprivation of the due process rights of any newly ineligible recipients, as has already happened with more modest initiatives. And who can doubt that such challenges will be hospitably received by one or more of the Children's Defense Fund-vetted judges now being appointed. Anyone with hopes for the administration's future had better look elsewhere.

HENRY FETTER
Los Angeles, California

Walking shadow

To the editors:

The cover of your October 10th issue includes a phrase that seems particularly insensitive to the hallowed overtones of certain word arrangements. "The main policies followed by this administration have been mostly *sound*," it says. Apparently you were quite unaware that many of your readers, whatever their political views, must have through long association added mentally, "... and fury, signifying nothing."

WILLARD R. ESPY
Oysterville, Washington

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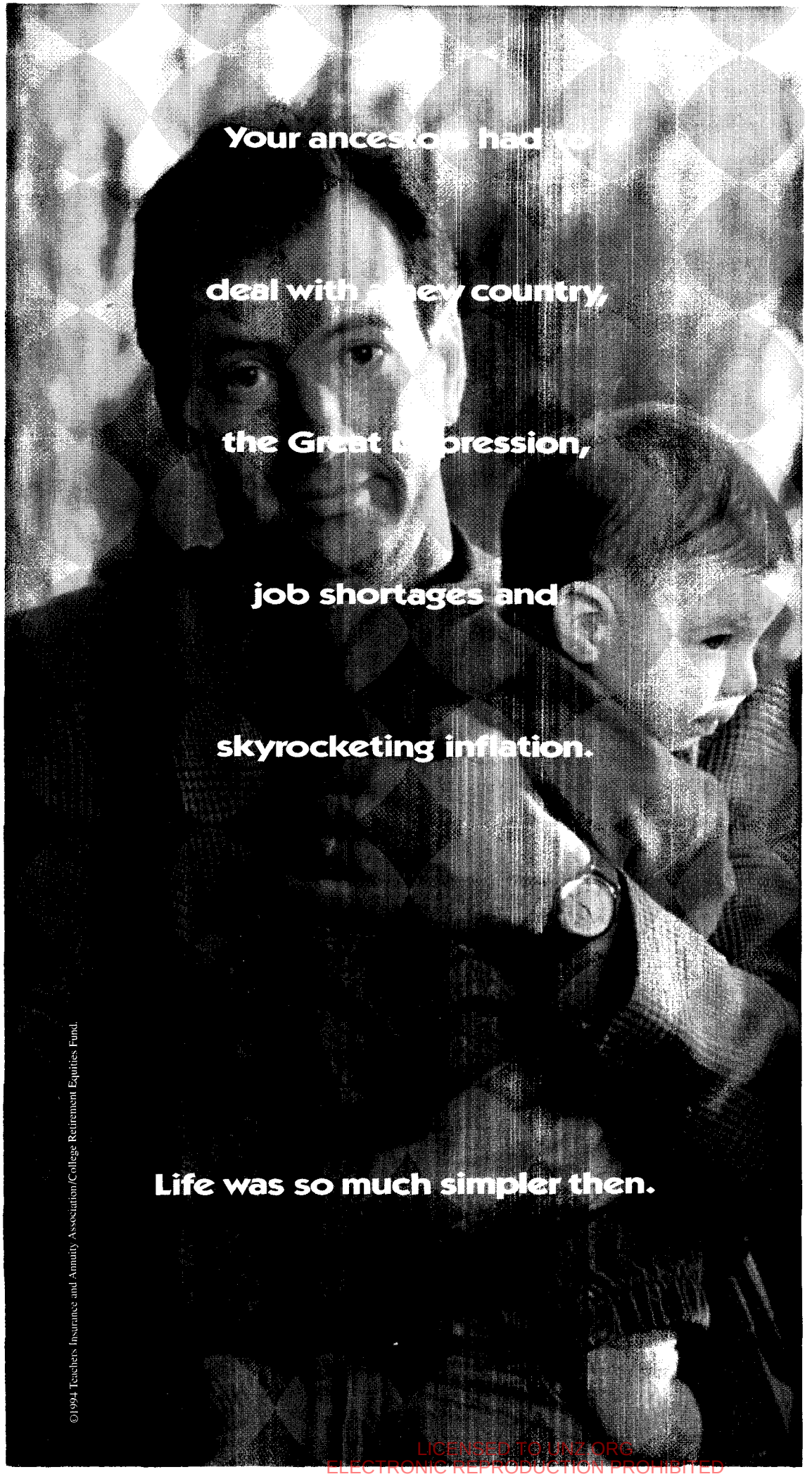

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

NOVEMBER 7, 1994

AS BAD AS THE FRENCH

There's a disturbing pattern developing in the American-Russian "partnership." First, the Russians, on behalf of their Serb friends, blocked American efforts to lift the arms embargo against the government of Bosnia. Now, with American troops in Kuwait to thwart Saddam Hussein's forces, Boris Yeltsin's foreign minister, Andrei Kozyrev, appears in Baghdad offering Saddam Hussein a diplomatic way out of a crisis of his own making. Kozyrev's trip was a replay of Yevgeni Primakov's visit to Baghdad in January 1991, a Soviet move that nearly derailed America's drive to go to war. Then, as now, Russia's unilateral steps hinder U.S. efforts against the Baghdad regime, and threaten to split the anti-Iraq coalition.

There are two innocuous explanations for Russia's latest actions. First, Yeltsin simply may be making a show of great-powerhood in order to pre-empt his critics on the far right in Moscow, and has no intention of actively getting in the way of American objectives. Second, Russia is desperate for cash, and wants Iraq to be able to sell oil again, so it can buy Russian oil equipment and raise the $10 billion it owes Moscow. The same blend of commercial interest and great-power pretension explains why France has joined the campaign to ease U.N. pressure on Iraq.

Obviously, the Russian Gulf gambit has to be seen in the light of the American interest in Yeltsin's survival. Still, a less sanguine reading of the Russians' behavior is that they fully intend to assert and pursue their interests unilaterally, whether it suits their American partners or not.

The implications for the Middle East, a traditional zone of Russian imperial interest, could be especially worrying. The entire post-Gulf war order in the region, including the ever-fragile Arab-Israeli peace process, is predicated on the end of great power rivalry, and the absence of an Arab strongman around which radical forces can coalesce. Both conditions would be altered if the Russians reassert themselves. If Saddam decides he can once again become the military and economic client of Moscow, his position in the region will radicalize. (The same goes for Hafez al-Assad of Syria.)

The United States has itself to blame for the fact that these worries can still arise. President Bush failed to finish off Saddam's forces—and possibly Saddam, too—when he had the chance in 1991. U.S. policy under both Bush and Bill Clinton has been trying to balance incompatible aims: to destroy or contain the threat posed by an overly strong Saddam-led Iraq, while keeping Iraq territorially intact as a counterweight to Iran. Hence, in part, the Clinton administration's hesitation to strike from the air unilaterally against the Republican Guard, lest it pave the way for Iranian-influenced Shiites to take Southern Iraq.

This aside, the Clinton administration has met the Iraqi challenge with a laudable, and, for this administration, refreshing blend of military resolve and rhetorical clarity. Thanks mostly to the president, Saddam has been at least deterred. And for now, it appears that his outrageous flouting of the U.N.'s will has embarrassed both Russia and France enough to temper their bid to lift sanctions. By failing to recognize Kuwait's borders as promised, Baghdad undid Kozyrev's plan for lifting sanctions after a six-month "probation period" during which Iraq would be required to demonstrate it wasn't building any more weapons of mass destruction. Still, the foreign minister says he isn't giving up.

In the Balkans, a Russian mission, supported by the French, hampered the U.S. effort to help arm the Sarajevo government. But at least it also resulted in Russian pressure on the Bosnian Serbs to sign a peace plan, which drove a wedge between them and their Belgrade sponsors. Such a demi-victory for the U.S. would be unsatisfactory in the Gulf, where American interests are even clearer than they are in Bosnia—and are totally incompatible with a situation in which Saddam avails himself of Russian or French trade to rearm and rebuild.

These are the inherent difficulties of pinning American policy inflexibly to U.N. Security Council resolutions, when at least two members of that body do not fully share our objectives. The next steps in the Gulf will require as much resolve in dealing with the United States' partners as the president has just shown in dealing with American enemies. Diplomacy among friends, too, sometimes requires showing a clear and militarily credible will to act alone in pursuit of national interest. •

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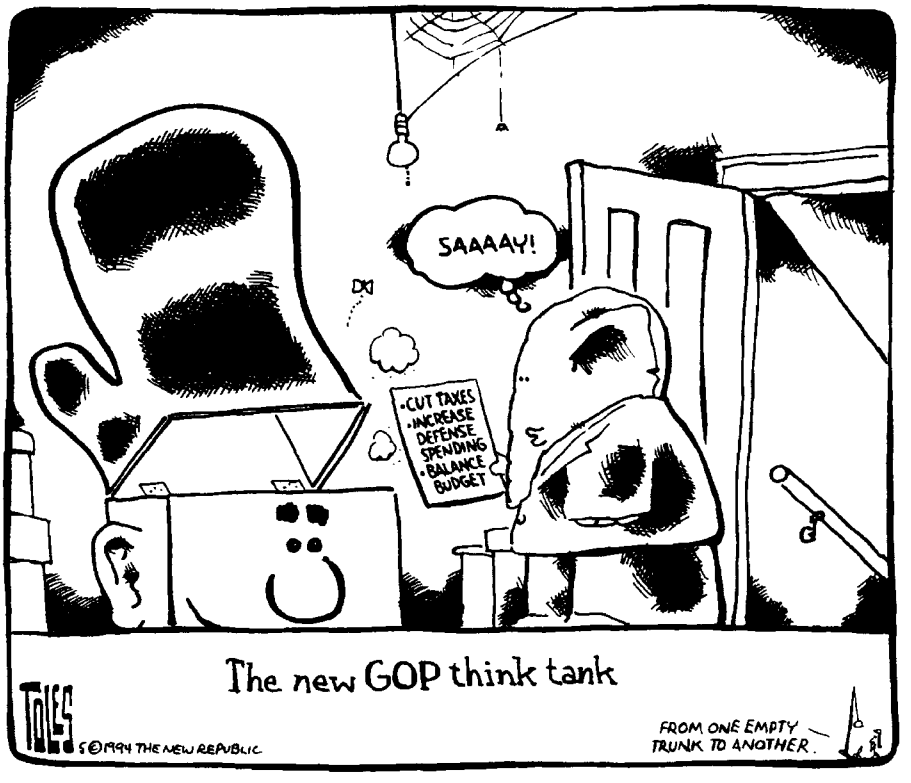
NOTEBOOK

SIC TRANSIT: Exiled President Jean-Bertrand Aristide returned to Haiti. The Pentagon said U.S. troops sent to Kuwait will not have to pay federal taxes on income earned there. Yitzhak Rabin and Yasir Arafat won the Nobel Peace Prize. Hamas killed an Israeli soldier it had taken hostage. The British *Sunday Times* excerpted portions of Prince Charles's biography that portray his parents as bullying, withdrawn and overly occupied by official duties. Prince Philip called the book "turgid," scolded his son for speaking publicly and traveled to Moscow with Queen Elizabeth. The Russian ruble suffered its worst ever one-day drop in value. Armed Serbs hijacked five truckloads of medical supplies in Sarajevo. *Time* reported that Americans have sex, on average, once a week. *Newsweek* reported that Americans have sex, on average, twice a week. U.S. District Judge Edward Nottingham ruled that Colorado prison officials must provide incarcerated Satanist Robert Howard with a black robe, incense and a gong, or will otherwise violate his civil rights. Israel and Jordan signed a peace treaty. A survey of 147 7-year-olds found that 75 percent believe the president has a "really tough" job. The Freedom Forum Foundation announced plans for an awareness campaign about the value of the First Amendment featuring Madonna, Susan Sarandon, Muhammad Ali, ICE-T and William F. Buckley. New York conceptual artist William Scarborough sent canvas bags containing cow lungs, hearts and tongues to editors and curators to promote his "Serial Killers" art show, which protests the glorification of murderers. The Bread for the World Institute reported that hunger declined worldwide, and rose in Africa and the United States. To celebrate their nineteenth wedding anniversary, Bill Clinton bought Hillary Rodham Clinton a copy of Lyle Lovett's compact disk, "I Love Everybody."



BOMBSHELL: The murder of twenty Israelis by a Palestinian bomb, at the very moment Israel was signing peace with Jordan, provided a vivid reminder of the perils Israel faces in its autonomy-for-peace deal with Yasir Arafat and the PLO. To succeed, the peace process must succeed with the Israeli public, and prove capable of providing them with security from terror. That means it hinges on Arafat's reining in, through his new police forces, Islamic fundamentalist groups such as Islamic Jihad and Hamas. Hopes that Arafat either could or would do so are now being disappointed—not least because the PLO chief knows Hamas is not much less popular than he is, and gaining. Arafat fears cracking down on them because he fears more pro-Hamas demonstrations of the type that took place in Gaza last week. And anyway, given a choice between preserving his power in the territories and protecting Jewish life, any guesses which option Arafat will take? As the Israeli-PLO talks enter a critical phase over ceding the rest of the West Bank to the PLO, Hamas has presented Rabin with the chance that the territories may become another Southern Lebanon—a haven from which Muslim extremists can launch raids on Israel. If so, Israel may have to treat the territories as it treats Southern Lebanon, and send its troops to Gaza or the West Bank to do the jobs Arafat's cops can't or won't do. After two decades of saying the PLO didn't speak for all the Palestinians, Israel is being proven right just when it would like to have been proven wrong.

HOW CAN YOU PUBLISH AN ISSUE OF *THE NEW YORKER* AND NOT BRING UP O.J. SIMPSON? PART IV: The lead item in the October 10 "Talk of the Town," about the reading list for first-year students at Harvard Law School: "This year, however, there has been an addition to the usual warhorses: all 540 1Ls have been instructed to read *Juice: The O.J. Simpson Tragedy*, published by the *Globe*, a supermarket tabloid. . . "

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CORRECTION OF THE WEEK: "Because of a dictation error, an article yesterday about a reenactment of a slave auction at colonial Williamsburg incorrectly characterized organizer Christy Coleman's demeanor. She was tearful, not cheerful."—*The Washington Post*, October 12.

WELL, WE ALWAYS KNEW WEST COASTERS WERE A LITTLE SPACEY:

After Detour to California, Shuttle Returns to Earth

—*The New York Times*, October 12.
(Thanks to many diligent Californian subscribers.)

OUR JED: We're pleased to welcome Jed Perl as our new art critic. He's the author of *Paris Without End: On French Art Since World War I* (North Point Press) and *Gallery Going* (Harcourt Brace), and has written about art for *The New Criterion* and *Vogue*. Already a familiar voice in our pages, he now happily will be a regular one.

TRAPPED: In editing Anna Husarska's "Commie Trappings," October 24, we wrongly identified Samarkand as the capital of Uzbekistan. The capital is in fact Tashkent. Also, our October 24 issue was mislabeled. It should have been tagged Volume 211, Number 17. We regret the errors. •

NAHCOTTA POSTCARD

PEARL JAM

By Robert Sullivan

The setting of the spartina grass drama, in the town of Nahcotta, Washington, is that of a typical northwest environmental battle: Willapa Bay, the largest estuary on the West Coast, is home to North America's oldest old-growth cedar grove and a few new Microsoft executive vacation homes. The script also is fairly standard: the town wants to spray the bay with an herbicide in order to kill the grass, which is turning its 100-square miles of mud flats, oyster beds, clam beds and tidal pools into a New Jerseyesque meadowland, unsuitable for oyster farming.

It's the casting in this drama that's the big surprise. Co-starring in the pro-chemical spray role are the Nature Conservancy, the local Audubon Society chapter, Ecotrust and at least one prominent Sierra Club member. Playing the anti-spray parts are, more predictably, the owners of a natural food store, an oysterman specializing in organic mollusks, the owners of a local hotel, the Shoalwater Indian Tribe, whose reservation is across the bay, and Friends of the Earth. The $16 million local oyster industry, producers of one out of every four U.S. oysters, is mouthing lines from both scripts.

Spartina grass is not native to Willapa Bay. It is thought to have arrived in the 1880s as packing material in shipments of seed oysters from the East Coast (even the oysters aren't native). The grass remained fallow until the past decade, when it spread from patches of just a few acres to more than 2,500 acres. Theories for its sudden growth have been pinned on El Niño, logging and combinations thereof. Herbicide advocates argue that if spartina's growth is left unchecked, it will transform the bay from an intertidal eel-grassed estuary into a spartina marsh with a few channels—a change that would end oystering there. According to Elliot Marks of the Nature Conservancy, one of the largest landowners in the estuary, "We're losing more land to weeds than we are to development, and there really isn't a viable way to control it without chemicals."

If the use of Rodeo, the chemical in question, is approved, it will be the first time any herbicide has been loosed on the estuary, said to be the West Coast's most pristine. Naturally, Monsanto, Rodeo's manufacturer, has gone to great lengths to tout its product's safety, and the oystermen have latched on to Monsanto studies in defense of their own pro-spray position, emphasizing in their best weather-eyed soliloquies that Rodeo is their only chance. "I don't normally like to see chemicals in the bay," says Lee Wiegardt, president of the Willapa Bay Oyster Growers Association, "but I think in life you've got to take your choices."

There is more at stake than just America's oyster supply. Willapa Bay is a site of the Clinton administration's Council on Sustainable Development—the group out to prove that economic development and environmental protection are not mutually exclusive. And the site has yet to show much sustainable progress. Last winter, when cabinet members flew in to see how $1 million in federal funds had been spent, *The Seattle Post-Intelligencer* called the effort "hampered by mismanagement, internal divisions and lack of tangible results." Any threat to oysters could further tarnish the government's already tarnished project. "Spartina eradication," as it is called by scientists, is a big goal of the Willapa Alliance, the group co-founded by the Nature Conservancy that was set up to manage the bay. David Ortman, director of the Northwest office of Friends of the Earth, argues that the conservancy is motivated to spray by the money it receives from the government to manage the bay. "The idea of spraying chemicals into an estuary just kind of

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rubs us the wrong way," Ortman says.

Despite its size, the Ad Hoc Coalition for Willapa Bay, the four-member anti-spray group, has managed to postpone spraying for the moment—a legal maneuver that has added a spotted-owlish tenor to the debate and tends to make it difficult to leave town without being offered an opinion on the nature of the grass. Those opposed to spraying are not against controlling the spartina, but they say that the commissions set up to investigate the problem have given little time to consider alternate methods of spartina maintenance, such as manual pulling, harvesting by tractors, even zapping them with lasers. To prove the untapped commercial worth of the grass, Andrew Wiegardt (Lee's cousin), who runs the local health food store, makes paper and baskets from spartina. Larry Warnberg, an organic oyster farmer, has shown spartina useful as mulch and feed and, when packed in bags, to prevent runoff from clear-cuts from flowing into salmon streams. He also says that spartina tea is good for you.

The Ad Hoc Coalition sees the proposed use of Rodeo as a further escalation of the use of chemicals in the bay, a situation at odds with the Environmental Protection Agency's recent push to curtail the spread of pesticides and fertilizers. The bay already is sprayed annually with carberyl, a nerve toxin that oystermen use to kill the shrimp, which if allowed to burrow into the bay bottom make it difficult for the oysters to set properly. "This notion of the bay being pristine is just hype," Warnberg says. "The whole bay has been raped for the past fifty years. The spartina isn't even that big an issue. They're just using it to fight for the use of pesticides."

For his part, Warnberg avoids burrowing shrimp by rearing his oysters on underwater racks, and it is precisely this technique that prompts oystermen to dismiss his bivalves as impractically raised boutique items. Because of his stance, Warnberg claims to have been nearly run off the road while riding his bicycle (he doesn't drive a car). Among proponents of spraying, his nickname is "Roadkill."

The pro-sprayers' primary hate objects, however, are Fritzi and Ed Cohen, owners of the Moby Dick Hotel and Oyster Farm (and of the Tabard Inn in Washington, D.C.). Fritzi, founder of the Military Audit Project, and Ed, a former *Washington Post* reporter, spearheaded the spraying stay with appeals to the county and state. The oystermen have undermined the Cohens' involvement by claiming that the anti-sprayers are all out-of-towners. (Warnberg, Wiegardt and, of course, the Shoalwater Tribe, are life-long residents.) Others have joined in. "[We] find ourselves facing a barrage of media misinformation and misdirected actions from undereducated urbans," Kathleen Sayce, a local botanist who has studied spartina, wrote in the local Sierra Club newsletter. On the phone, Sayce elaborated. "I think the Cohens have taken this position just to be obnoxious," she says, adding, "I mean, they're just vicious people." (Sayce has been attacked for having her photo and pro-Rodeo opinions appear in Monsanto's promotional literature.)

On the day I visited them, the Cohens seemed most upset about being hit with what would have to be the pro-sprayers' most potent insult. "They call us spartina lovers," Fritzi said. Nevertheless, the Cohens were continuing to cull information from an impromptu worldwide spartina information network they have set up (China appears to be a particularly fertile source of research on the grass). One recently discovered clipping mentioned an oyster farm in Northern Ireland that settled with the government for $1.5 million when 8 million oysters died in the wake of a government-sponsored spartina eradication plan under similar aquatic circumstances, using another herbicide.

A few days later, when I spoke on the phone with Jasper Parsons, managing director of Cuan Sea Fisheries, one of the largest producers of transplanted Pacific oysters in Europe, he said that his company's case, which also pitted environmentalists against each other, had the distinction of being the longest-running legal dispute in Northern Irish history. When the government finally settled with the oyster grower, it did so not because of proof that the herbicide used to kill the spartina had contaminated the oysters—even though Parsons suspects as much—but because the grower had proved that when the spartina died, the silt retained in its stalks was released in torrents, smothering the oyster beds. This is an outcome neither side in Nahcotta is talking much about. "They should call me," Parsons said. "I've got boxes of information on spartina. I always figured that when it was all over I might write a paper on it or something, but they've just been sitting up there in the loft."

ROBERT SULLIVAN, a freelance writer, lives in Portland, Oregon.

Keeping U.S. forces out of the Golan Heights.

BORDERLINE CASE

By Eliot A. Cohen

The draft peace treaty between Israel and Jordan is welcome news, and naturally points to the last major diplomatic challenge on Israel's borders: peace with Syria under the leadership of President Hafez al-Assad. Attempts to make peace between these two most hostile and suspicious of neighbors will, in turn, give rise to another question: Should the United States send troops to the Golan Heights to guarantee a peace? The U.S. may end up deploying, if not the few brigades of American soldiers that some

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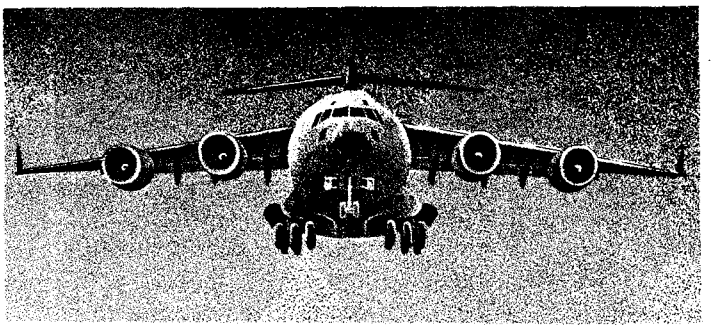

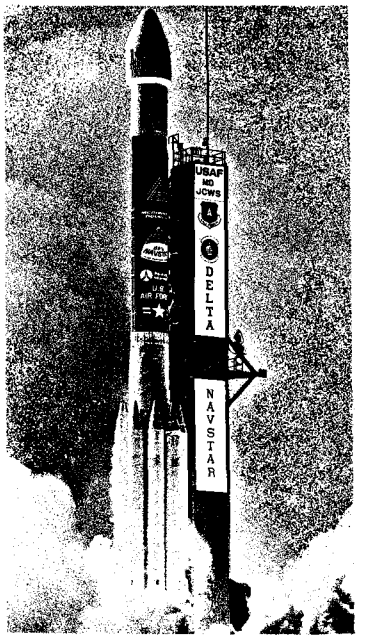

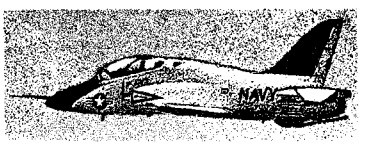

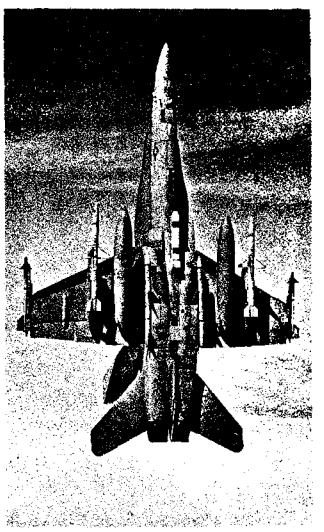

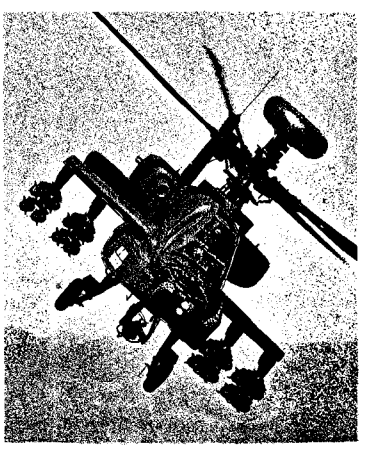

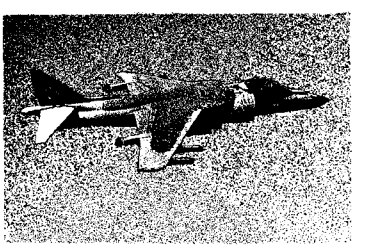

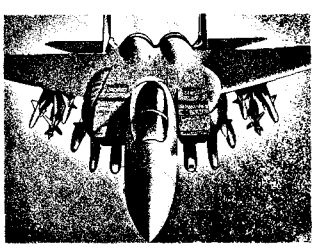

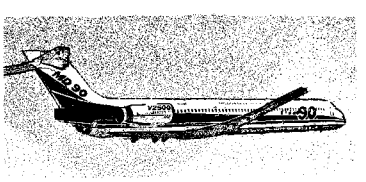

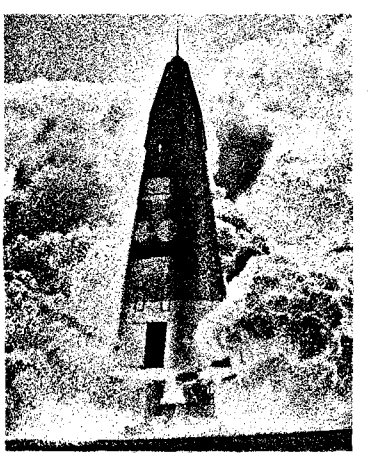

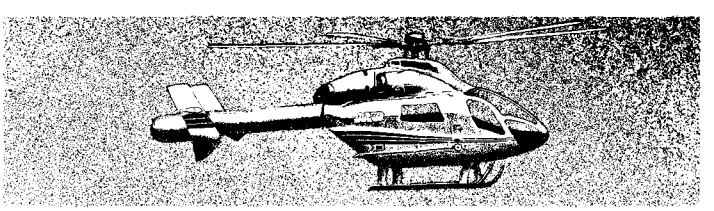

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Israelis were at one point calling for, then at least some 800 uniformed "monitors."

Under the provisions of the 1979 Israeli-Egyptian peace treaty, the U.S. and its allies have kept a peacekeeping force on the Sinai peninsula. Proponents of a Golan force will suggest that American soldiers might serve a role similar to the Sinai force: to patrol the territory that Israel conquered in 1967, and which it would cede in return for peace. Indeed, many Israelis are unwilling to accept a peace agreement without an American military guarantee rendered tangible by American soldiers, since Syrian reoccupation of the Golan would reduce Israel's ability to put Damascus at risk, eliminate Israeli signal intelligence and radar stations on Mount Hermon and place Syria within stone-throwing range of much of Israel's water supply.

The internal Israeli argument over the Golan is sharp. Opponents of a deal make the straightforward case that you cannot trust the Syrians, who have periodically massacred their own population (most notoriously at Hama in 1982), tortured captured Israeli soldiers and turned Lebanon to a Syrian dependency. It is doubtful, as Israeli Foreign Minister Shimon Peres has suggested, that there has been a change of heart in Syria. But even so, it is possible to accept the argument made in private by Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin, that Syria is indeed, for its own reasons, willing to make peace with Israel, if only to reduce its international isolation and to win back the territories lost by Assad (then Syria's defense minister) in 1967. In this view, Israel should cut a deal because a window of opportunity has opened to defuse the Arab-Israeli dispute. To do so would free up Israel's resources and increase its room for diplomatic maneuver when a new set of threats matures—if, for example, nuclear arms and ballistic missiles spread to distant, hostile countries such as Iran during the decade.

Whether such a deal makes sense for Israel is for Israelis to decide. Whether it makes sense for the United States, however, is a subject that has been discussed all too little, although it has begun to receive scrutiny from a few independent voices, such as the Washington Institute for Near East Policy, which shortly will publish a cautious study of the proposal. Why not put American soldiers on the Golan Heights? Placing American soldiers anywhere, but particularly in the context of a treaty to guarantee peace, means a commitment to wage war, if necessary. That in itself is not a promise to be made lightly, especially in the Middle East.

And in this case, it means something more—a shift in the fundamental strategic relationship with a country that has long prided itself on its willingness to fight its own wars. In the Sinai, American observers and soldiers do little more than what U.N. forces (of which, interestingly, they are not a part) have done in the past; they watch and report. They support a peace that was expected to be durable by two countries that clearly desired it and that were allies of the United States. In the Golan, American troops will help serve as a shield. Israel's determination to fight its own battles has been an important strategic asset to the United States, and the psychological effect of placing American troops on the Golan, far more than putting them in Sinai, will be a powerful blow to Israel's doctrine of self-reliance. It was bad enough, from the Israeli point of view, to have American soldiers firing batteries of Patriot missiles at incoming Iraqi Scuds in 1991. But there the Americans were arguably doing something the Israelis could not do for themselves. In this case, Americans will take over a responsibility—the protection of Israel's border—that the Israelis can most assuredly handle on their own.

Beyond this are the consequences of positioning American troops within a few miles of Lebanese terrorists or rogue elements in Syria, and between the guns of two deeply suspicious armies. If, at any point, the Israelis feel compelled to use force in southern Lebanon (to retaliate against Hezbollah artillery attacks, perhaps) or to aid Jordan if attacked by Syria or subverted from within, American forces will find themselves not peacekeepers but hostages. Without making explicit threats, a Shiite terrorist, or even the Syrian government, can reign in Israel by making it clear that independent Israeli military action will endanger American soldiers.

The counterargument, that an Israeli-Syrian peace will resolve all local disputes, defies credulity. Will the corrupt Syrian occupation forces in Lebanon control the Iranian-sponsored terrorists of the south forever? Will Syria itself remain an orderly and disciplined state after the death of Assad, a member of a small and unpopular sect? Is the Hashemite kingdom so secure, Islamic fundamentalists so quiescent and Syrian ambition so modest, that Jordan will never find itself in the kind of turmoil that might elicit an Israeli response?

The United States sent its soldiers to the Sinai as an honest broker between two pro-American countries, but under what guise would American troops patrol the Golan? If they go overtly as Israel's guarantors and protectors, they are more likely to become targets. But if the United States assumes the posture of a neutral intermediary, it might damage the long-term U.S.-Israeli relationship. Indeed, any American presence on the Golan would be sure to breed tension between the two allies, particularly if, as is entirely likely, the United States leans on Israel to refrain from military activities (retaliatory raids in Lebanon, partial mobilization in the Galilee) that might endanger American troops.

There is, finally, the matter of cost. To support the Israeli-Egyptian peace treaty, the United States gave almost $5 billion to the two countries in 1979 and billions more each year since. One should expect the Israelis to extract similar sums, at least initially, in return for giving up the Golan—perhaps through the gift of specialized surveillance aircraft or other military technology. Presumably the Syrians will insist on a payoff as well, although who will foot their bill is unclear. These sums cannot be taken out of the foreign aid bud-

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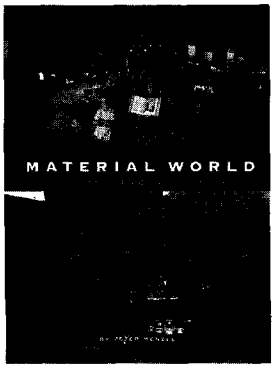

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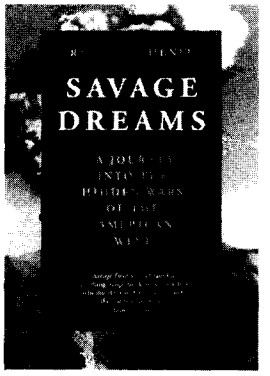

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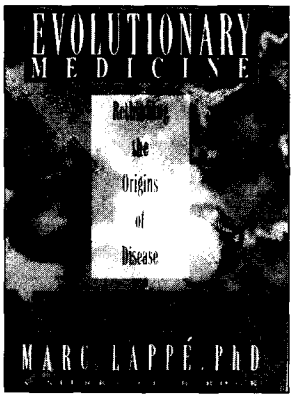

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get, which already is constrained by the vast sums already going to Egypt and Israel. To take it out of defense would be an unconscionable blow to an already underfunded department. And it is unlikely that this administration would divert money from domestic programs.

There are other costs to consider. It is a rule of thumb that each soldier placed overseas ties down four or five others—one preparing to replace him, one retraining following his deployment and one or two more to support the forward-deployed unit. Clearly, a large force on the Golan—a brigade of, say, 100 tanks and several thousand men—would tie down an unacceptably large force from America's rapidly shrinking Army. Moreover, peacekeeping duties detract from soldiers' primary mission of training for warfare, and usually cause atrophy of skills in such areas as tank gunnery and the tactics of larger military formations.

There is no question that the United States should encourage the parties in the Middle East to make peace. But the essential steps must come from them. Other Arab states are edging closer to resolving their conflicts with Israel, suspending trade sanctions, opening liaison offices. Meanwhile, there may be something to be said for waiting to see what kind of partner the Syrian regime after Assad will be. When, someday, Assad visits Jerusalem and speaks to the Knesset, offering not a grudging cessation of belligerence but a real peace, there will be time to consider the role of American observers on the Golan. There is no rush right now. In the past few years, this country has seen enough of hasty and expensive military commitments. Many such commitments have been in the pursuit of the purest aims—which, as we have seen, is no guarantee of their success. •

CAMPAIGN '94

HEAVENS TO BETSY

By Ruth Shalit

"You see," says Elizabeth ("Betsy") McCaughey, "this is exactly what George Pataki expects my role to be." The Republican candidate for lieutenant governor of New York is seated in the back seat of the Pataki-McCaughey campaign van, rummaging through boxes of files. An elegantly lean woman, McCaughey wears a diamond wristwatch and a blue bouclé suit by St. John. Her handsomely shod feet are braced against the front seat. "I love my files," she says, pulling one titled "New York State Debt Structure: History and Comparative Analysis." "You want to know why the financial capital of the world has the lowest credit rating in the world? This chart gives you the state-supported long-term debt by principal and interest. It gives you the financing arrangements. It gives you the figures broken down by types of debt." "Uh, Betsy?" McCaughey's press secretary, Sara Gaffney, breaks in. "You might want to take a moment to review your remarks for tonight." "Oh," says McCaughey. Absently, she leafs through a copy of the speech she is scheduled to deliver that evening in Dresden, a sparsely populated rural outpost located an hour north of Rochester. "Thanks so much for that warm welcome," she warbles, her manicured hand feebly pumping the air. "You are the fund-raisers! You are the enthusiasm-builders! You are the vote-getters who will make our victory possible!" The candidate's padded shoulders droop a little. "I haven't quite mastered the rally-rally rhetoric," she says.

We are met at the Rochester airport by local Republican chairwoman Sue Spike, a harried-looking but cheerful woman of about 50. "We get forgotten up here," she tells McCaughey, who smiles weakly. "When you said yes, we all thought you were nuts." During the two-hour drive to the banquet hall, McCaughey peruses the contents of a file called "Medicare Billing Rules: (Relate to Rationing)." "I have in front of me Medicaid expenditures, county by county," she tells Spike, as we speed past abandoned farmhouses and pokey storefronts decorated in seasonal dedications. "I see that Yeats county had Medicaid expenditures of $10 million in 1993. Do you think there will be a lot of questions about Medicaid policy?" Spike looks bewildered. "Nobody in Dresden is going to ask about Medicaid," she says. "A lot of our patients are Mennonites. Their lives are very simple. No modern conveniences." McCaughey tries again. "Well," she asks, "what are the issues on people's minds? What are people talking about these days?" Spike ponders the question. "Well," she says finally, "we just got 911 September 1. People get hurt and injured here, same as in Monroe County. We are getting a movie theater. That's real exciting." McCaughey shifts her gaze out the window. "What's in that field there?" she asks. "I've never seen that before." Spike clears her throat. "Um, that's corn," she says. We ride the rest of the way in silence.

The crowd at Dresden's Unique and Casual Dining is composed primarily of snowy-haired women who wear little American flags pinned to the lace collars of their dresses. McCaughey's stump speech, polished and technical, is punctuated by the appearance of huge, tricolored graphs which scroll menacingly down from the ceiling. "I took a careful look at the economies of all fifty states," she tells the crowd. "And I was shocked by the facts I uncovered. In 1994, most states increased spending 5.1 percent. But New York increased spending 7.2 percent in F.Y. '94. Over the last twelve years, Floridians paid less than 10 percent in state and local taxes. Job growth was 48 percent. But New York pays 15 percent in state and local tax. And job growth was a dismal 6.6 percent. Look at my charts," McCaughey implores

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Where We Stand

By Albert Shanker, President
American Federation of Teachers

Reform: The Public Speaks

According to a recent survey, there is widespread agreement among the American people on a number of important educational issues. On some issues, the public supports education reformers, governors and businessmen, but there are also huge differences. The survey, "First Things First: What Americans Expect from the Public Schools," was conducted by Public Agenda, a non-partisan, citizen research group.

The biggest issue for the public is that "too many public schools are not providing the minimum prerequisites for education—a safe, orderly environment and effective teaching of 'the basics.'" Focus groups revealed that parents were not merely responding to media coverage of violence but to their own children's experiences. Seventy-six percent of those polled, including 83 percent of African-American parents and 84 percent of white parents, support the permanent removal from school of students possessing weapons or drugs.

Safety is another major concern. "Most Americans are not convinced that schools adequately enforce the standards of behavior and cooperation that allow teachers to teach and children to learn." Eighty-eight percent say that "emphasizing habits such as being on time, and being dependable and disciplined would make a great deal of difference in how much students learn." Seventy-three percent say "taking persistent troublemakers out of class would be a very effective means of boosting academic performance in the schools.... People see order as a prerequisite to learning."

The third major concern is that there's not enough emphasis on the basics, such as reading, writing and math. The public is not saying that students shouldn't learn more than the basics or shouldn't get challenging courses, but there's great suspicion of reformers who look down on the basics and emphasize team skills, critical thinking and higher-order skills.

The message the public is sending is loud and clear. Higher standards and more challenging school work are supported strongly, but the public doubts reformers who have all sorts of plans for "innovations" without first taking care of school safety, discipline and the basics.

There's great suspicion of reformers who look down on first taking care of school safety, discipline and the basics.

The public, including both African-American and white parents, also believes that "schools should hold students accountable for doing their best." Eighty-eight percent "support not allowing students to graduate from high school unless they demonstrate they can write and speak English well, and 82% support setting up 'very clear guidelines on what students should learn and teachers should teach in every major subject.'"

These views do not reflect a desire to return to the "good old days." Americans favor making learning enjoyable and reject spanking. But they're wary of some of the new methods proposed by reformers, such as allowing students to use calculators before they can add, subtract, multiply and divide mentally or to write compositions without paying attention to spelling and grammar.

Another big difference between the public and most educational reformers is that only 34 percent of Americans believe that heterogeneous grouping helps students learn. Even when presented with arguments in favor of it, most remain unconvinced. Opposition to heterogeneous grouping is as great among African-American parents as among whites.

While education experts say tracking is bad because students in low tracks are stigmatized and are rarely challenged, the public views it differently. Seventy-two percent believe that in heterogeneous classes, teachers spend the most time and effort on the fast and slow learners; they see tracking as "the way for average learners to get just as much attention as fast and slow learners."

When Public Agenda probed this issue in previous research, it found that "people's doubts about heterogeneous grouping also stem from their own experiences.... People recalled incidents when they suffered from being in a class that was too advanced for them, or when they watched someone else fall further and further behind because his skills were just not equal to those of the rest of the class. People often cited differences in the needs of their own children as arguments in favor of grouping students by skill level and tailoring teaching to their level of advancement. In short, heterogeneous grouping makes no intuitive sense to people and seems to fly in the face of their real-world experiences."

There's much more in the Public Agenda study. I'll return to it in a future column. But it's clear from this picture that reformers will only get the credibility and public support they need to succeed if they accept the public's agenda as part of their own. The overwhelming majority of teachers and others who work in public schools should have no difficulty in doing so since these public concerns are theirs, too. This could be the basis of a powerful alliance between the American public and teachers.

For a copy of the report, send $10 to Public Agenda, 6 E. 39th St., Suite 900, NY, NY 10016.

Mr. Shanker's comments appear in this ad under the auspices of the American Federation of Teachers. Reader correspondence is invited. Address your letters to Mr. Shanker at the AFT, 555 New Jersey Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20001. © 1994 by Albert Shanker.

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the audience. "These charts tell the story better than I can tell it myself. Can everyone see the chart? Can you all see?" The crowd roars, "No!" McCaughey sighs, "Well, it's Table Three in your report."

Readers of TNR know New York's lieutenant-gubernatorial candidate as the reclusive scholar who one day stumbled across a copy of President Clinton's health care bill. "I thought I'd read twenty pages or so before going to sleep," she told reporters at the time. "At 1:30 a.m, I got out of bed, went to the dining room table, and mapped it out. I was shocked.... For the historian, the ultimate value is being faithful to the truth. And the plan was very different from what I'd been led to believe." McCaughey's assault on the Clinton health bill in TNR earned her a furious White House rebuttal, a *Vanity Fair* pictorial and, according to McCaughey, a nod from the Pataki camp. "George approached me to indicate that he had read the health care piece, and was interested in having a policy person instead of a seasoned politician as his lieutenant," she recalls. "I felt confident that he would let me roll up my sleeves, look at the facts and get to work."

To friends, McCaughey's vault from think-tank obscurity to top-rung politics was no surprise. "She's always been interested in the political process," says Candy Street, co-chair of the Women's Campaign Fund. "She's wanted to run for political office ever since I've known her." Street recalls discussing McCaughey's political prospects during a luncheon for Bernadette Healy, a candidate in Ohio's Republican Senate primary, in May 1993. "She said, One of the things I would like to do is run for Congress. And she said, I'm a Republican. My advice to her was to move out of Manhattan and find a district she could run in. But things worked out differently, didn't they?" McCaughey, for her part, downplays her political ambitions. "I was stunned when they selected me," she says. "I've never thought of myself as an especially political person. I had a lovely life. I enjoyed what I did."

All the same, McCaughey says she has little trouble envisioning herself in the role of lieutenant governor. "What's really needed is a sense of initiative," she says. "Nobody told me to read the Clinton health plan. I just did it because somebody had to do it. I feel the same way about this job." Perhaps not surprisingly, McCaughey is just as pained by Governor Mario Cuomo's record as she was by the Clinton health bill. On crime, McCaughey says she has been "delving carefully into Mario Cuomo's policy. And the things that I've uncovered have really shocked me." On the state's insurance crisis: "Last month I took a week off. I got all the financials ... I went through the congressional testimony. And let me tell you, I was shocked at what I found." On the subject of job growth: "I sat in front of the computer day after day, looking at the performance of various states. And I was shocked at how poorly New York had done." Only then, she insists, did she reluctantly conclude that "We've got to get out the message. People in New York are suffering."

Is this what the Pataki campaign bargained for when they snapped up the stylish intellectual seductress of the *Vanity Fair* spread, with her blazing smile, apricot-colored hair and strapless sateen evening gown? Absolutely, says McCaughey. "This is exactly what George expected. To look at the facts. To use the tools I've developed as a scholar to come up with some rather measured practical solutions." But some New York Republicans have charged that the Pataki campaign is hiding their ebullient lieutenant under a bushel. "They wanted a female in there to complement George and attract female votes," says Fran Warner, Queens County Republican Chair. "But it appears now that it was window dressing. They wanted a very attractive bright gal who comes out and smiles and waves. They didn't want someone with a mind of her own." Complains another McCaughey ally: "They've shut Betsy out. They don't tell her where they're going or what they're doing.... They are certainly not using her to her full potential."

Party insiders blame McCaughey's low profile on GOP kingmaker Senator Alfonse D'Amato, who sees her as a potential challenger for his seat. And McCaughey's wonkish instincts can make her an uninspired campaigner. Ask her about the death penalty, a centerpiece of Pataki's anti-crime agenda, and she flinches. "Our state wants the death penalty to express moral outrage," she declares in a monotone. "It is an unfortunate necessity." But is it in fact a deterrent, as her running mate claims? "I don't have any statistical or historical data for that," she says. "That's why we have not made the argument about the deterrent effect." In fact, Pataki has made the deterrence argument repeatedly, most recently in an October 10 interview with *The New York Times*.

Whereas most politicians defer to aides for facts and figures, McCaughey's handlers act merely to stem the flow. "Look at the enormous increase in state payrolls over the last twelve years," she tells me over coffee and muffins at the Regency Hotel. "A 9.8 percent increase.... We have one highway employee for every 6.4 miles of highway. That's double the national average. Yet 70 percent of our bridges are rated in poor condition!" McCaughey plunks down on the linen tablecloth an enormous homemade cardboard placard, with pie charts and bar graphs rendered in touchingly scrupulous detail. "The turnover on our state employees is about 10 percent a year. If we took a third of nonessential employees, and decided not to replace them, we could save $353 million in the first year!"

"Cuomo says it can't be done," I say, cribbing a line from Pataki's T.V. commercials. McCaughey bristles. "Baloney!" she says. "I'll show you how it can be done." As she fumbles beneath the table for yet another chart, her press secretary nudges her; and the candidate catches herself. "I mean—*he* can't do it, but *we* can," she says, repeating the kicker of the ad. "*There* you go," twinkles her press secretary. She gives her boss a reassuring pat. •

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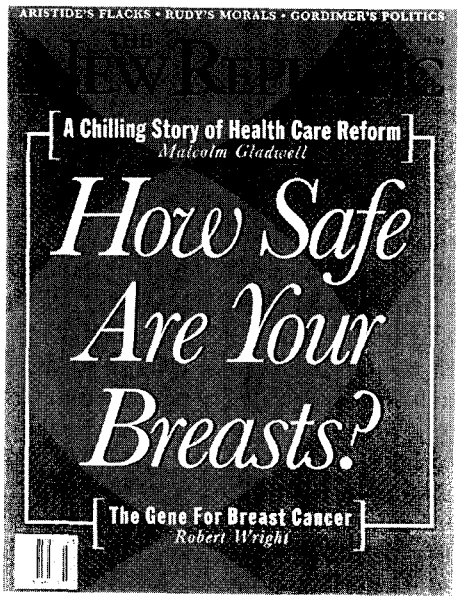
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CAMPAIGN '94

STORMIN' MORMON

By John B. Judis

BOSTON

In his bid for re-election, Senator Edward Kennedy is suffering. Among many younger voters, the memory of Mary Jo Kopechne and William Kennedy Smith outweighs that of John F. Kennedy. Boston talk radio abounds with abuse against what one host described as the "the bloated bulbous nose boob from Beantown." Perhaps more important, for the first time ever, more Massachusetts voters now identify themselves as independents than as Democrats—41 to 45 percent. The state's politics are no longer symbolized by the Kennedys and former House Speaker Tip O'Neill, but by Republican Governor Bill Weld and former Democratic Senator Paul Tsongas. "There is a big bloc of voters, as high as 40 percent of the electorate, that is no longer available to Kennedy," a Boston pol who is advising the senator's campaign confided. "If anyone runs a minimal campaign, he'll get at least that much of the vote."

Sadly for Kennedy, his challenger is more than a minimal candidate. In fact, Mitt Romney, the son of former Michigan Governor George Romney, has all the attributes of a genuine Kennedy-threat: he's youthful, handsome and very articulate; he's also a moderate who can appeal to the independents who now hold the balance of power in the state's elections. He's built his campaign on his career in business. "Mitt Romney has spent his life building more than twenty businesses and helping to create more than 10,000 jobs," an ad says. "So when it comes to creating jobs, he's not just talk. He's done it."

The Kennedy campaign has tried to portray Romney, a Mormon born in Michigan, as a cultural outsider. And while Romney can't count former Boston Mayor John Fitzgerald among his forbears, he does epitomize the new Massachusetts of computer programmers and management consultants. After graduating first in his class at Brigham Young University in 1971, Romney and his wife, Ann, moved to Boston, where he enrolled in a joint program at Harvard Business and Law Schools. In 1977, he joined a new consulting firm, Bain & Co., and seven years later, headed a spinoff, Bain Capital, which both advised and invested in firms—sometimes through leveraged buyouts financed by junk bonds. Romney was successful. In the past two years, he earned $13.6 million. But like other financial repo men, Romney also oversaw the elimination of jobs through downsizing and mergers.

Romney bought an estate in Belmont, a posh suburb of Boston, where he and Ann reared five sons. He became a leader in the Mormon Church, and in 1986 was appointed president of the church's "stake" in the Boston area. Between church and business, he had little time for politics. He was registered as an independent and in 1992 crossed into the Democratic primary to vote for Tsongas. Last year, however, he decided to seek the Republican nomination against Kennedy. Romney was drawn into politics by the example of Weld, who through his victory in 1990 redefined Massachusetts Republicanism.

In the '60s and '70s, Massachusetts Republicans were New Dealers distinguished from Democrats primarily by their ancestry. Then, in the early '80s, the party lurched to the right, nominating Reagan conservatives for the governorship and the Senate, all of whom were soundly defeated. In 1990, Weld, who had resigned from the Justice Department to protest Ed Meese's transgressions, introduced a new kind of Republican politics: supportive of abortion and gay rights, tough on crime, willing to use government to protect the environment and stimulate high tech business, but also eager to privatize government and cut the state payroll.

Romney has followed Weld's script. As a Mormon official, he shared the church's opposition to homosexuality and abortion, but as a candidate, he has moved steadily toward Weld's positions on both. He supports *Roe* v. *Wade* and the state's laws banning discrimination against gays. He also has followed Weld in making crime and welfare reform centerpieces of his campaign.

The question about Romney is where he would stand in Congress's internecine battles. Would he side with Republicans such as John Chafee who have tried to develop constructive alternatives to Democratic legislation or with Republicans such as Phil Gramm and Newt Gingrich who have been willing to paralyze Congress for the sake of embarrassing the Clinton administration? Romney has indicated that he would side with the moderate wing. He endorsed the crime bill and refused to back Gingrich's jejune "Contract with America." He told me he would have backed Chafee's health care bill. "I'm willing to vote for things that I am not wild with," he said.

Romney also seems to eschew ideological absolutes. He favors a balanced budget, but acknowledges that it could not occur until the twenty-first century. He favors getting welfare recipients to work, but does not favor eliminating welfare with the idea that a bracing chill of poverty would invigorate the poor. He backs a modest tax cut for the middle class, but rejects a reduction in capital gains because it would raise the deficit.

When I asked him about Clinton administration subsidies for high technology, he declared himself opposed. "I don't think it is possible or wise for government to predict where we can be the most competitive or where we can create the most jobs," he said. But then he undermined his own position by adding that it would be different "if we found a competing government massively investing in a technology that would devastate one of our key industries." That, of course,

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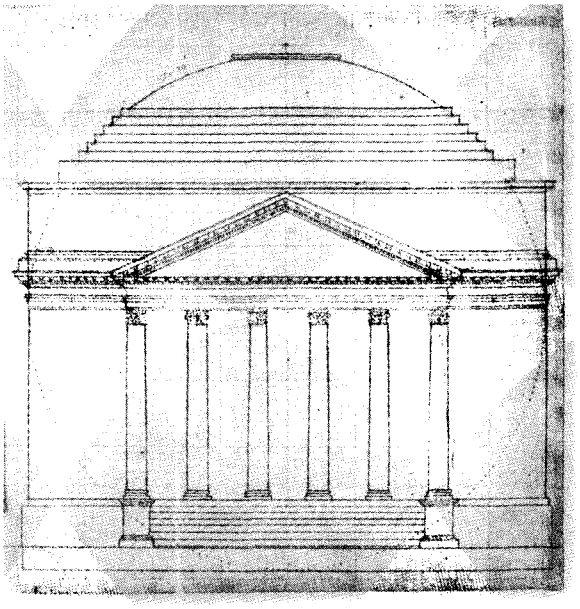

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has been the rationale for all the existing subsidies, from the government-financed semiconductor project, Sematech, to flat panels.

Like other new candidates this year, Romney seems to have given little thought to foreign policy. In three days of speeches, I only heard him mention it once. When asked how he would preserve a local Air Force base, he cited its importance in developing an anti-missile defense against the eventuality that "someone like North Korea creates a nuclear weapon and combines it with a Chinese-made rocket and launches something of that nature toward one of our allies or toward us." No one queried Romney if he knew the distance from Pyongyang to L.A.; the discussion moved on to campaign reform. The election doesn't hang on a grasp of foreign affairs.

Kennedy's difficulties often are compared to Mario Cuomo's in New York, but there are important differences. Cuomo's character is above reproach; it's his performance as governor that is hurting his chances of re-election. By contrast, Kennedy's record as a senator has been exemplary. It's largely because of him that Congress did anything about job training, student loans, child care, family leave, handicapped rights and AIDS. And Kennedy always has been far more amenable to compromise than his ringing populist rhetoric suggests. He worked with Dan Quayle in 1984 to develop a job training bill and took the lead last summer in trying to forge a last-minute health care deal with Republicans.

Some Democrats have supported him because of these skills, but many have been drawn to him by his mythic status. They are now defecting, forcing Kennedy to fight for their allegiance on other grounds. It hasn't been easy. Last month, as Romney pulled ahead in the polls, Kennedy responded with an unseemly attack against Romney's Mormonism. The jab backfired, as Romney and the Boston papers quoted back to Kennedy his brother's insistence in 1960 that he be judged for himself and not his religion.

After a debate within his campaign, Kennedy is now sticking to two messages. He is touting his ability to get things done for his constituents. The appeal resonates in Massachusetts: the economy is still reeling from the loss of federal defense funds; Boston urgently needs money for a new harbor tunnel and the clean-up of its surrounding waters. But Kennedy does not appear comfortable emulating Dan Rostenkowski's re-election strategy. At a luncheon held by Salem's Rotary Club, Kennedy rambled and seemed only half-awake as he enumerated the millions he had brought to the seaport.

Kennedy also has started attacking Romney's record as a businessman—charging him with putting "profits over people." For the first time, Kennedy is running negative commercials. One features workers from a plant in Marion, Indiana who were thrown out of work and then rehired at lower wages and benefits by a firm acting under Bain Capital's direction. The press also uncovered another company, Damon, that, with Bain's guidance, sold its Massachusetts operations to another firm, which promptly closed the facilities, costing the state 116 jobs. These stories have put Romney on the defensive, and he is now running ads that hint at Kennedy's age and girth.

Most of the local press and pols believe Kennedy will win. If he starts out with 40 percent of the electorate against him, he also starts out with more than that in his favor. Romney, however, could still pull it out. When the two debate on October 25 and 27, the challenger will try to reinforce the contrast between his vigor and Kennedy's senescence. Kennedy's campaign is aware of the danger. As one adviser explained to me, "The one thing Kennedy has to avoid is doing anything that makes him look like a dinosaur." But it's one thing to be aware of the danger and another to avoid it. As Kennedy stumbled over his lines in Salem, you couldn't help but feel that, no matter the outcome, this will be his last campaign. •

CAMPAIGN '94

MEMO MASTER

By Hanna Rosin

"He's the smartest Republican in Washington," gushes Jim Pinkerton, a former Bush administration official. "He's a one-man government in exile. He blends the world of ideas into politics to arrive at a principled politics," muses Paul Gigot, right-wing columnist for *The Wall Street Journal.* Even the normally skeptical *Washington Monthly* branded him the "brainy operative who's teaching the Republicans how to checkmate Clinton." The kernels of wisdom in his weekly memos pop up in speeches by the likes of Bob Dole, Newt Gingrich and Phil Gramm. Untainted by elected office and regarded by conservatives as an enlightened intellectual (he has a Harvard Ph.D., and is the son of neoconservatives Irving Kristol and Gertrude Himmelfarb), William Kristol has become the Republican Party's guru-in-waiting.

In his newest incarnation as founder of Project for the Republican Future, a one-man Washington think tank, Kristol has promised "intellectual rejuvenation" for "a principled conservative activism." "There is a certain audacity to setting up an office and saying 'I will, because of the force, clarity and truth of my ideas, make a difference in the future of the Republican Party and the future of the country,' " says Bill Gribbin, an adviser to Vice President Dan Quayle who is now a senior policy analyst at the House Republican Policy Committee. "But he's pulled it off, hasn't he?"

Has he? Kristol's well-crafted media image is that of

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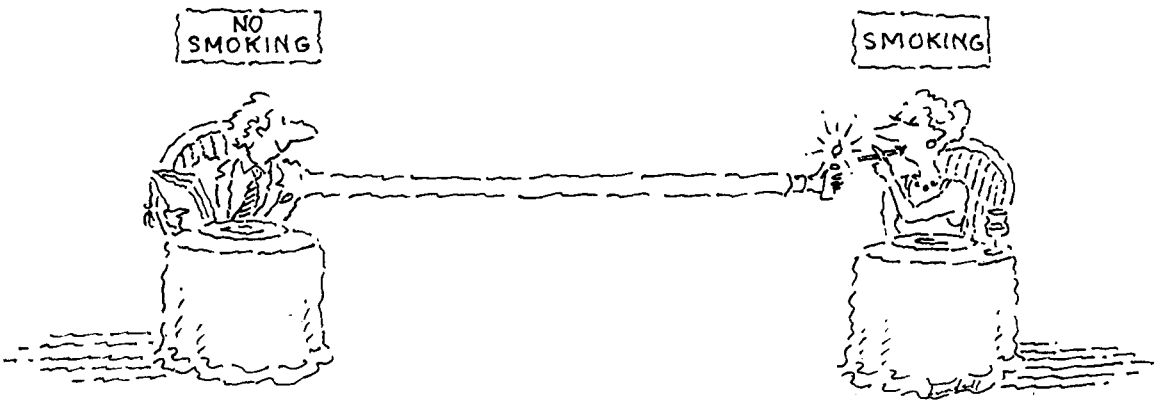

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the intellectual finding a principled home in practical politics. The truth is a little more complicated. In some ways, Kristol epitomizes the crisis of the conservative movement: once a genuine intellectual force, it is now engaged in a principle-free politics that is as empty as it is often vicious. Kristol, once a reflective thinker, now issues insta-memos that often resound with a hollow and opportunistic philosophy. Given the recent shrillness of partisan bickering, Kristol seems cut out less to solve Republicans' problems than to embody them.

Kristol's professional path did not always lead to Washington. Former colleagues at Harvard seem surprised by his meteoric rise in politics. "If I had listed all the graduate students and picked out who would go into government instead of becoming an intellectual, he would not even be on the list," says Steve Kellman, an associate director at the Office of Management and Budget. "The gift he had was seeing philosophical grounding in political issues," recalls his graduate adviser James Q. Wilson, "where others would just see a matter of who gets what, where and why." The first sign that Kristol might leave the academy came when, after two years of teaching political philosophy at the University of Pennsylvania, he took a job at Harvard's Kennedy School. He was hired, at Wilson's recommendation, in what Kristol called an experiment. The school had never had a political theorist on staff, but wanted someone who could dissect complex philosophy into user-friendly form for wonks. His task, as Kristol describes it, was "to teach kids who knew how to do regression equations and macroeconomic studies and knew the details of policy but didn't know how to think of 'values and philosophy' [his quotes] and the larger questions, in a way they could understand." Colleagues recall that Kristol spent most of his time writing op-eds and published only two short academic articles.

When after a year, then-Secretary of Education William Bennett tapped Kristol to be his special assistant, Kristol quit academe. Kristol had planned to take a one year leave of absence from Harvard, but in five months propelled himself to chief of staff, and his fate was sealed. "At that point I realized I was on a different path," he recalls. "It became clear to me after three years of teaching that I was just not going to spend thirty years working on Aristotle or Machiavelli or being a serious scholar. . . . I wouldn't have been an embarrassment, but I just don't have the temperament or quality of mind to be first-rate. And even if what you do is not ultimately the most dignified or admirable form of life per se, there's something rewarding at being good at what you're doing."

By the time Kristol reached Quayle's office in 1988, he was worlds away from Cambridge. "For all his smarts and savvy, Kristol was a facilitator," says Mitch Daniels, a Quayle adviser. "He would be on the sidelines, getting his hands dirty, getting right into the details of things. When Quayle went into a debate, he was briefed to the nines." One Quayle staffer recalls a moment that captures Kristol's new role: when Kristol walked into a party at the Ritz Carlton after Quayle's performance at the vice-presidential debate against Al Gore in Atlanta, campaign adviser Mary Matalin and RNC Chairman Rich Bond began applauding.

It was in Quayle's office that Kristol began to use his intellectual credentials to market himself, sometimes at the expense of the vice president. Kristol loaded up Quayle's speeches with Talmudic and Platonic references so that no one could miss his fingerprints, earning himself the title, to his boss's chagrin, of "Dan Quayle's brain." He also leaked to the press with abandon, a habit his allies on Quayle's staff justify as a conservative crusade against a tepid White House. Those in the West Wing, however, have a less generous view of this habit. "He had access to information but no responsibility, and the urge to pontificate to the press proved irresistible, especially when the reward was being considered a genius by the press," says Ed Rogers, a Bush White House aide. "There was a feeling he was a pathological publicity seeker," says another senior Bush official. "It's not like he was antagonistic or mean or opposed to the administration. It was really weird. It was like he couldn't help repeating everything he heard, like he just couldn't resist playing in that arena. It got to the point where we had to have one set of meetings with him there, and another set in secret where we could really talk."

After the election, Kristol, still wedded to his image as an intellectual, created the role of GOP court philosopher for himself. His vehicle was an interesting philosophical genre: the memo. His greatest success was pushing Republicans to adopt the position that "there is no health care crisis." No less than the president has pinned the death of health care reform on Kristol. (At a recent fundraiser for Ted Kennedy, Clinton complained that "their political adviser Mr. Kristol [told] them the one thing they must not do is cooperate"). Does he deserve that much credit? Even warmongers like Gingrich thought it a tactical error to come out against compromise in early spring. "It was theoretically correct but really bad timing," says Tony Blankley, a Gingrich aide. "Advising Republicans to go out and say there's no crisis exactly at the moment when we had no credibility would have made us look like we just didn't get it. He should have talked to columnists and think tanks first, to build support." Of course, he did that too. By April, after features appeared in *Time*, *Newsweek* and on CNN and all three networks questioning the gravity of a health care crisis, Gingrich and Dole began parroting Kristol's line. But after a month, Dole switched back to supporting Senator John Chafee's bill, and eventually introduced his own.

Kristol's tactics on health care were typical. He couched a purely partisan position in high-minded terms, and tarred his opponents with cynicism. In one memo, he accused Democrats of "bad faith" for opposing the Dole bill "for purely partisan reasons." His advice? Oppose the Mitchell bill "sight unseen." What the Democrats call obstructionism, he argues, is "a valuable opportunity to advance principled, conservative Republican objections . . . and to lay the groundwork for a positive counter-agenda," he wrote in a recent memo. But Kristol abandoned his own counter-agenda as soon

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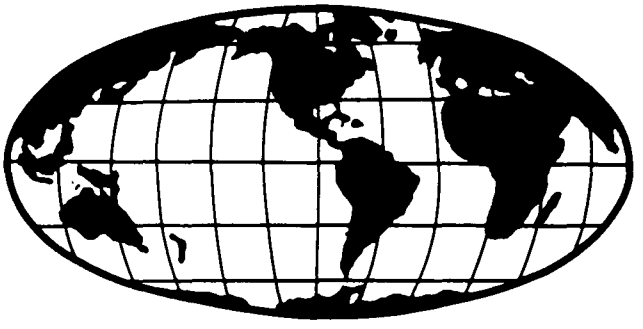

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as it looked like the Democrats might bite. He originally supported "incrementalism," a slower pace of smaller reforms. But this summer, when the Democrats were groveling for any compromise, Kristol went on CNN to recant. "The beast of health care Clintonism, like the monster in *The Thing*, is about to assume one last mutated form ... it will try to look like innocuous 'incrementalism.' It still deserves to die."

Needless to say, Republican authors of health care bills didn't appreciate the advice. "To me he's evil," says an aide who worked on Chafee's bill. "He took a fundamental issue and reduced it to pure politics, based only on his understanding of what frightens the hell out of people." Says Iowa Representative Fred Grandy, long an advocate of health care reform, "When I read a guy like Bill Kristol, I sense a strategy designed exclusively to win a Republican majority. But what will they do once they get there? I joined the Republican Party because I thought they avoided a lot of nonsense and had sensible ideas for fixing things. Now I'm not so sure I can say that anymore. Kristol embodies this scorched-earth policy Republicans have adopted. They smell blood. They know people think the president is weak, so they're circling their prey like a bunch of hyenas."

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

On crime and welfare reform, Kristol lamely echoed his party's howling. Clinton's welfare reform bill coopted the conservative idea of workfare and differed only in degree from the Republican House bill, which had 163 cosponsors. Yet Kristol reduced it in a June 13 memo titled, "Boob Bait Time," to a "$400 million sex-ed program." "Make no mistake: this week's announcement is not a real effort to pass welfare reform.... At the very moment when his health care plan teeters on the brink of extinction, the welfare reform P.R. campaign now underway is the Clinton administration at its most cynical."

The crime bill, meanwhile, included Republican favorites such as more death penalty provisions and cops, yet Kristol's contribution to the debate was to mimic the complaint that it was merely "pork," a "grab bag of untested social spending." The shakier his ground, the more he threw around crude accusations of cynicism. "A president happy to invoke God (on Sunday) and summon the ghosts of murdered schoolchildren (on Monday) in support of his own political agenda is in no position to moan about cynicism."

This opportunistic politics is rooted in a philosophical position that hasn't evolved much since the early 1970s. In "A Conservative Looks at Liberalism," one of two five-page articles that appeared last year in *Commentary* and *American Enterprise*, Kristol revives a dominant straw-man liberalism of the '60s in order to stake his own position. Even during the Reagan years, he argues, "Republican control of the presidency served to mask the dominance of liberalism over the society." Liberals "abhor the idea of 'family values.' " A typical liberal "acts as if police brutality were a more serious epidemic than crime," and "disparages the notion of building more prisons." Never mind Clinton's sermon to police chiefs in New Mexico this week, Ann Richards's crime crusade or Mario Cuomo's prisons. When asked if the philosophy of liberalism has perhaps evolved, Kristol gives a purely tactical response: "If liberals have to sound conservative to be powerful, that's ultimately a sign of the problems with liberalism."

How will conservatives take back the institutions? In a second article, Kristol sounds a rallying cry for a mass uprising of what he calls the "New Citizenship." A groundswell of disgruntled citizens, he argues, will revolt against eroding values brought on by government intrusion in schools and churches. "There's something going on when 500,000 Americans choose to educate their kids at home," Kristol says. "The liberals just now beginning to feel snug again in Washington should beware," he warns. "A new revolt by parents is brewing in the country against the cultural elite."

There is, of course, something ironic about this ultimate protégé of the cultural elite invoking a populist revolt against it. But this irony is one of which Kristol is undoubtedly aware. Kristol, after all, went from dining

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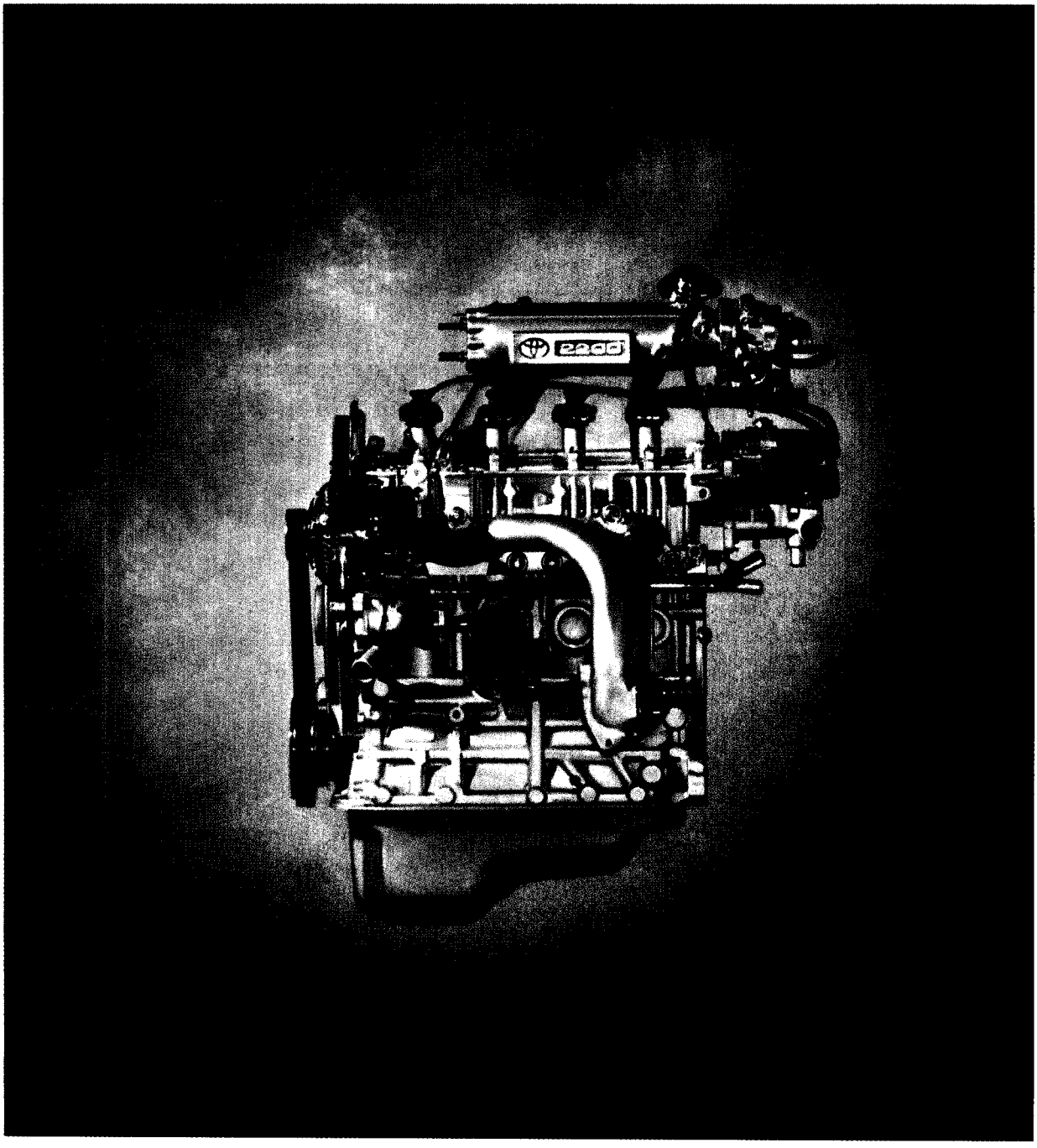

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with the Trillings at his parents' West Side Manhattan apartment to high school at Collegiate, an elite private boys' school in New York, to Harvard. His graduate thesis, influenced by the work of Leo Strauss, argues that the judiciary should recapture its role as an elite entity braking popular impulses for radical change. He founded Project for the Republican Future as an alternative to William Bennett and Jack Kemp's Empower America, a 400,000-member grassroots organization, which he was originally asked to join.

That Kristol's "New Citizenship" represents less support for a spontaneous uprising than an aristocratic attempt to restrain it is an irony not lost on the masses. When Kristol coauthored the GOP's strategic retreat on its abortion plank (a strategy Dan Quayle and other presidential hopefuls adopted at the Christian Coalition annual convention in September), loyalists attacked it as a cynical ploy to use the movement to advance his own secular interests. "What then is the strategic goal of his effort to play realpolitik with the lives of unborn babies," fumed Terrence Jeffries, director of Pat Buchanan's American Cause. Overwrought as he may sound, Jeffries has a point. Kristol's efforts to harness a religious movement to purely political ends is like his efforts to do the same with philosophy. Ultimately, it demeans all three. •

CAMPAIGN '94

THE ELEPHANT MAN

By Weston Kosova

It's a few minutes to six on a Thursday evening in October, and the corridor outside the House chamber, thick with bodies a week ago, is a lazy parlor for a team of guards kicking back on swivel chairs bolted to the marble floor. Afternoon light sifts through windows painted shut since Truman was president, smoothing a coat of gold over the sculpted walls and vaulted ceiling. In another hour it will be dark, nature's memo to the few dyspeptic members still inside that it's time to muzzle the floor speeches and high-tail it back home to where the votes are.

But if Capitol anterooms are the last place an incumbent representative wants to be found in the precious weeks before election day, no one bothered to tell Newt Gingrich. For at the far end of the passageway, ten brisk steps from the Republican cloak room and twenty more from the House door, the inhabitant of room H-219—the Republican whip's lair—is still toiling.

Gingrich is nurturing grander plans than mere reelection to his suburban Atlanta district. Next year, he will assume the top spot in the Republican hierarchy. No one is challenging him to succeed retiring Minority Leader Robert Michel. But it's not the Republican leader's suite Gingrich truly covets. It's Tom Foley's place on the dais. "If you were in my shoes today, you are more likely, not by a big margin, say 55 to 45 percent, but more likely to be Speaker of the House than minority leader," he says with a professorial self-assuredness that is often—and accurately—taken as arrogance.

Whether or not Gingrich actually believes Republican candidates will pull out the elusive forty seats they need to give them a House majority and him the speaker's chair (and it's not likely they will: most estimates put the number at between twenty and thirty), Gingrich is preparing for the transition as though the votes were already tallied. For months he's spent part of each day in the violet-carpeted, yellow-draped confines of H-219, drawing up lists detailing everything from revamping committee staffs to hiring moving companies to haul furniture around the Hill. He's ordered Representative Pete Hoekstra, one of his acolytes, to orchestrate a smooth transition of power. He's recruited defense and foreign policy wonks to bring him up to speed. He's secured a prized artifact for his new digs: the skull of a tyrannosaurus rex, courtesy of the Smithsonian Institution.

The point is so hard for most of us to believe (or stomach) that it's worth reiterating: ignored for years by Democrats and Republicans alike as a flaky, reedy-voiced gadfly, Gingrich is now poised to take over as the most powerful Republican in the country. Only Senate GOP leader Robert Dole (who has a better chance than Gingrich of presiding over a Republican majority) will rival him in defining the party's agenda.

In the past year we've gotten an eyeful of what life under Gingrich will look like, and how different it will be from Michel's old-style, gentlemanly tenure (the lobbying reform brawl, the health care brawl, the crime bill brawl, etc.). But as leader, Gingrich isn't content to continue playing the role of Democratic Party scold. Unlike rank-and-file politicians such as Dole and Michel, Gingrich thinks of himself as a visionary, a prophetic figure

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in whose hands the great jagged forces of history are smoothed and tamed. He clings to two chapters from American history in which the country underwent dramatic transformations: the Revolutionary War and the New Deal. "The reasons transformations occur is if they become the highest value solutions to objective reality," he says. "When the American Revolution occurred it was because over a million people looked around and said, 'This ain't working. And we need to be independent.' The New Deal occurred because the Depression was horrible, Hoover had no answer, capitalism had lost its moral base and FDR was able to say, 'We have nothing to fear but fear itself; let's get the job done.' "

Like Roosevelt, with whom he identifies historically, if not politically, Gingrich believes he, too, is a man whose vision and daring will resuscitate an ailing nation. Gingrich isn't just spending his autumn evenings in H-219 prepping for a new job. He's putting the finishing touches on the blueprint for the Republican revolution he's been plotting since he was a high school sophomore. "We're in a cycle where I believe the countercultural, redistributionist, bureaucratic welfare state model is just a disaster," Gingrich says. "And people are very ready for a very profound transformation."

Gingrich has spent his fifteen years in Congress gathering support among Republicans for his personal version of the Very Profound Transformation. In 1983, as a second-term backbencher, he founded the ubiquitous Conservative Opportunity Society, a group of House Republicans who met to plot the coming upheaval and made nuisances of themselves with after-hours speeches on the House floor. Three years after that, he took the helm of GOPAC, a recruiting campaign for Newtoid upstarts who want to fashion themselves in Gingrich's image. GOPAC sends out "training tapes" to more than 9,600 candidates, instructing them in the delicate art of beating their liberal opponents to a pulp. "We send out tapes to candidates for city council, county commission," Gingrich enthuses. "New York Assembly freshmen listen to the tapes and discuss them. I mean, nobody in this town gets it. This is about the long-range transformation of where we're going and what we're going to accomplish."

As party leader, Gingrich will have the luxury of transforming his rhetoric into policy. So, just what is his master plan to save America? That is a question best left for the man himself to answer. As darkness falls over the H-219 command center, he attempts to explain it. It is a lecture he's doubtless given 100, 200 times before, but there's no sign that he has lost any enthusiasm for the telling. Gingrich has a broadcaster's ability to speak three or four words simultaneously with perfect clarity. Impatient sentences tumble out of his downturned mouth in staccato bursts, consonants colliding, then regrouping mid-flight. But only the mouth is in motion. Below the neck his torso remains motionless as he talks, but for the Scottish plaid tie rising and falling on the just-over-50 paunch. We're about to cover some serious ground here, so try not to blink.

"I use two models at the core of what I do," he begins. "One is vision, strategy, projects and tactics. The other is a processing model of listen, learn, help and lead. And we constantly work from the concept of the leader team. There is, in the twenty-first century, no isolated leader. I believe there are five parallel transformations that are unavoidable if we are going to be a healthy society. The first is from a second-wave mechanical bureaucratic model to a third wave information model. I believe that, second, you have to move from a national economy to a world economy model ... creating local jobs through world sales. And that requires rethinking litigation, regulation, taxation, welfare, education, health and the structure of government. Third, the transformation from a welfare state to an opportunity society, because the Great Society experiment has now failed totally and is destroying human beings. Fourth, you've got to replace the counter-culture and elites with a revitalization of American culture and American civilization. And fifth, you have to assist in the transition from a professional politician class to a citizen activist leader system. Which is dramatically different." The plan has a caveat: "All five of those have to occur in parallel," Gingrich warns. "Because if they don't all five happen, we don't make the successful transition into twenty-first century America."

The Gingrich revolution comes with a code all its own. His sentences are peppered with "paradigms" and "processing models," "systems" and "waves." But peel away the jargon and it's not difficult to figure what spines face out on Gingrich's shelves. His chapbook is essentially a mind-meld of W. Edwards Deming (total quality management) and Alvin Toffler (*Future Shock, The Third Wave*), with the specter of Ronald Reagan taking a few bows in the margins.

This isn't an accusation of intellectual theft. Gingrich admits to his sources. In a forty-five-minute-long conversation he mentions Deming three times. And Toffler is an old pal. The two struck up a friendship at an academic conference in Chicago in the '70s, when Gingrich was a graduate student in history at Tulane (he taught a course called "The Year 2000"). They still talk on the phone and visit each other throughout the year. "Newt is a futurist," Toffler says. "Whether you agree with him or not, he is the only one I know in Washington who in casual conversation will say, 'Thirty years from now or forty years from now, things will be this way.'" Last Christmas, Gingrich and his wife, Marianne, spent a week with the Tofflers. One afternoon they taped a piece of paper to the wall and, Toffler recalls, "began collectively to try to print out what are essentially the principles to a third-wave alternative to conventional principles."

Gingrich lays out these principles in rich detail in his twenty-hour video lecture course, "Renewing American Civilization." Taped early this year at Reinhardt College, a tiny private school in the Georgia mountains ("It reminds me of Bennington," says Jeffrey Eisenach, whose Progress and Freedom Foundation produced the

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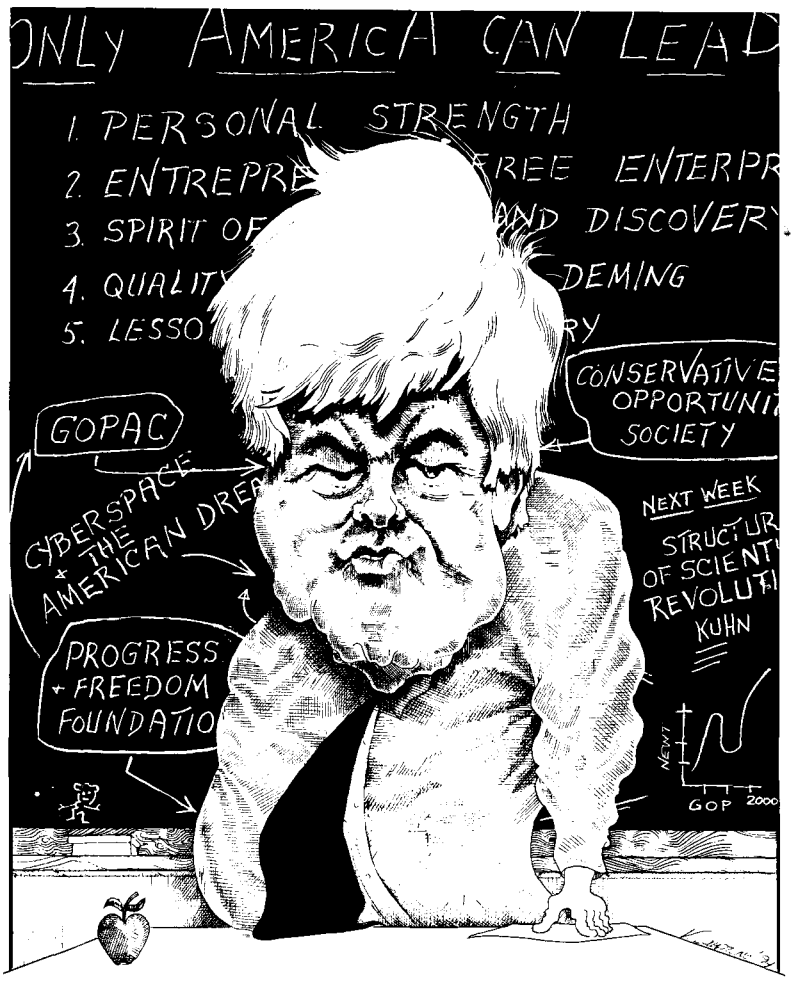
series), the course is Gingrich's attempt to bring the gospel to the masses. The lectures were beamed over satellite T.V.. And the course has its own discussion group on CompuServe.

In each of twenty lectures—with titles such as "Personal Strength," "Entrepreneurial Free Enterprise," "Quality and Deming's Profound Knowledge," "Health and Wellness"—Gingrich, introduced as an "adjunct professor at Reinhardt," maps the path to the Republican future while warning of the Democratic pitfalls looming along the way. "The welfare state reduces a citizen to a client, subordinates them to a bureaucrat, and subjects them to rules that are anti-work, anti-family, anti-opportunity and anti-property," he intones in "Understanding American Civilization," which is lecture No. 1. "Humans forced to suffer under such anti-human rules naturally develop pathologies. The evening news is the natural result of the welfare state." Rarely does Gingrich look down at his notes. Behind him, a volume titled T-REX sits head-high on the bookshelf backdrop.



DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

In lecture No. 7, "Economic Growth and Job Creation," Gingrich deftly contrasts the foreboding welfare state with the liberating opportunity society: "Bureaucrats focus on control. Entrepreneurs focus on creating, solving. Bureaucrats see a static world in which numbers count. Entrepreneurs see a dynamic world in which people count."

And so on. "The five principles of American civilization are: personal strength, entrepreneurial free enterprise, the spirit of invention and discovery, quality as described by Deming, the lessons of American history." There's even a bibliography list of suggested readings that accompanies the course, among them "S. Walton, *Made in America*; Ronald Reagan, first Inaugural Address; Arianna Huffington...."

Gingrich often tells the story of how he came to take on the elimination of the welfare state and the creation of a nationwide Republican majority as his life's work. The son of an Army officer, Gingrich grew up on military bases in Europe and the United States. When he was 15, his father took him to the battlefield at Verdun in France. There, as the Gingrich legend would have it, he experienced the political epiphany that set him on his quest for a House to call his own. Looking out onto the landscape, he realized that the decisions politicians make have momentous effects on people's lives, and concluded right then he'd rather make the decisions than live under the decisions of others. Especially if those others were Democrats. "I've worked pretty much this intensely since then," he says.

In his sophomore year at the base high school in Stuttgart, Gingrich says he wrote a 200-page paper on the balance of world power. At the same time, his hyperkinetic brain began to map out how to break the Democratic stronghold in Congress. After graduating in 1960, Gingrich went on to Emory University, where the aspiring Republican studied European history and married his high school math teacher. (The marriage ended bitterly twenty years later, with magazine and newspaper features gleefully reporting the gory details. Gingrich later remarried.) At the end of his sophomore year, he had a daughter. As far as Gingrich was concerned, college was a necessary irritant. "I went to school to go to class to get through to become an adult to run for office," he says. After graduating in 1964, he went south to Tulane for a Ph.D. in European history, figuring "those who want to make it have to know it," says Gingrich aide Tony Blankley. So why not American history? "Better job market," Gingrich says plainly. His dissertation was a study of Belgian education policy in the Congo. "I wanted to look at a bureaucracy operating in a world that had almost no political constraints," he says. After Tulane, he taught at West Georgia State College, biding his time until he saw a chance at a House seat.

Gingrich lost his first two House bids, in 1974 and

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1976, but won on his third try, in 1978. He chalks up the losses as tactical defeats. "The first time there was Watergate," he says, "the second time, Jimmy Carter." Immediately, he began making a name for himself as a firebrand. By now, the stories are part of the Gingrich lore: as a junior backbencher, he called for Representatives Gerry Studds and Daniel Crane to be censured for having sex with congressional pages. He later infuriated Speaker Tip O'Neill with his after-hours diatribes against the welfare state. And, of course, he masterminded the campaign to topple speaker Jim Wright.

Gingrich's antics didn't play well in parts of his home district, where constituents wanted a legislator, not a showboater. He was far more interested in seeding dissent and plotting his rise than in passing bills. In fifteen years in Congress, his legislative portfolio is paper thin. In 1990 he was nearly tossed out of office, squeaking by with 974 votes. Two years later Gingrich nearly lost in the Republican primary. His opponent, Herman Clark, aired campaign ads jabbing him for bouncing twenty-two checks at the House bank. Gingrich beat Clark by just two percentage points, and then won easily in the general election. (This time around, thanks in part to redistricting after the 1990 Census, he faces no serious challenger.)

In 1989, when President Bush named Republican Whip Richard Cheney as defense secretary, Gingrich saw his chance for the leadership spot he'd long coveted. He beat out Edward Madigan of Illinois, the obvious choice for whip, by two votes, drawing support not only from conservatives, but also from moderates who believed that the Republican House leadership was too passive.

But Gingrich got off to a rocky start with the courtly Michel, who thought of him as a reckless loudmouth, a suspicion Gingrich didn't help to quell when he set out after Wright with a vengeance, using his visibility as whip to back up the cause. Gingrich, for his part, chal-

The Newtoids Cometh!

AUSTIN, TEXAS

To understand the extraordinary impact of Newt Gingrich on the Republican Party, you only have to check out the GOP candidates for open or Democratic House seats this fall. In the late 1970s and 1980s, the model for aspiring Republican representatives was Jack Kemp, then a conservative representative with a positive, inclusive and enormously popular message. Kemp, in fact, was Gingrich's model when he was elected to the House from Georgia in 1978. Now Gingrich himself is the model. He has a positive message, too, but he's also tough, partisan, impatient and a high-energy foe of everything liberal. "Bomb-thrower is a word you often hear," says Dan Leonard of the National Republican Congressional Committee. In the midterm election on November 8, there are scores of Gingrich-like bomb-throwers running for Congress. The era of the Newtoids has arrived.

Democrats are terrified. "We can't turn over the House to 100-plus Newt Gingriches," Democratic Representative Sandy Levin of Michigan recently told a rally in a Detroit suburb. "I don't want that to happen. They are trying to tear the institution apart to try to gain power." Levin has the Newtoids pegged wrong. They want to gain power, then tear the institution apart. They scorn the accommodationist approach of retiring House Republican Leader Bob Michel of Illinois. "They're less interested in institutional niceties," says Stuart Rothenberg, a conservative political analyst. Steve Gill, challenging Democratic Representative Bart Gordon in a Tennessee district outside Nashville, wants to revolutionize Congress, making it "a part-time citizen-legislature" with House terms limited to ten years and Congress subject to "every law which it has already applied to the rest of us." If elected, Gill, 37, promises to live in Tennessee and merely "visit" Washington.

While Gingrich's followers embrace his ideology and admire his kinetic style, they aren't all whitebread clones. Take Jo Baylor, who's seeking the House seat in Austin from which Democratic Representative Jake Pickle is retiring. Baylor is a single mother. She runs her own real estate business and owns a company that sells toilet seats. She speaks Spanish. She's pro-choice. She's eager to protect landowners from "takings" by the federal government. She introduced Gingrich at the Capitol rally during which more than 300 House candidates, including her, signed the GOP "Contract with America." She said: "It is my privilege and honor to introduce the next speaker of the people's House, Newt Gingrich." Then they hugged. She is, Baylor confesses, "obviously a fan" of Gingrich. Baylor, 43, is also black.

Like many other Newtoids, Baylor is seeking office for the first time. John Shadegg, 44, an attorney running for an open Republican seat in Phoenix, regards Gingrich as "everybody's example in terms of ideas." Shadegg, whose father was a senior adviser to Barry Goldwater's presidential campaign in 1964, met with Gingrich a year ago in Washington. "We wanted to talk to him about ideas. We wanted an agenda." Gingrich, Shadegg said, "recognizes politics is controlled by ideas. He knows it's not just a matter of holding ideas, but doing something with them." Shadegg echoes Gingrich. "The particular issue I'm interested in is cutting down the beast," he told me. He was referring to the federal government. Shadegg signed the Contract with America, too.

Another signer, Jim Nalepa, 37, is a Polish-American and West Point grad who served as public relations officer for the 101st Airborne in the Grenada invasion ("It was a lot tougher handling the press than the Cubans"). He left the Army and moved to Chicago in 1984. He's challenging Representative Bill Lipinski, a Chicago machine Democrat. Nalepa says his campaign grew out of "my disgust and contempt for the Washington establishment." Eighteen months ago, he gave up his job in real estate to run full time. "The Republican Party needs aggressive leadership. That's what we're getting from Gingrich. That's not what we're getting from the old bulls like Henry Hyde." Nalepa complains that Hyde, an Illinois representative, opposes term limits and sat with Lipinski during a T.V. debate. Gingrich, on the other hand, cut a special videotape for a Nalepa fund-raiser and

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lenged Michel's authority, appearing on Sunday chat shows and endorsing policies Michel never cleared. But among House conservatives, Gingrich gained a loyal following. He formed especially tight relationships with Robert Walker, Richard Armey, Tom DeLay, Robert Paxon and John Kasich. Together, they make up Gingrich's inner circle of advisers.

Michel and Gingrich have since patched things up. "Gingrich learned to show him proper deference," says Eisenach. In the year since Michel announced his retirement, Gingrich slid himself into the role of de facto Republican leader, while Michel eased off into a largely ceremonial post.

Over the past two months, Gingrich has kept up a furious pace of campaigning for Republicans across the country. By election day, he'll have stumped in the home districts of more than 125 Republican incumbents and challengers, many of them full-fledged Newtoids raised on GOPAC seminars. "I'm convinced he doesn't sleep at all," says Paxon. "The calls come to me at 1:00 in the morning or 5 a.m. Anything from minute political strategy in a district he just visited to the macro questions of how we're going to deal with the House of Representatives on twenty-first-century issues."

On the eve of his ascendance, Gingrich's long efforts to seed the Congress with sympathizers are coming to fruition. He began his career carrying water as a foot soldier for the Reagan revolution. Now Gingrich is the undisputed leader of the Republican Party. Next year, every member of the House leadership but Henry Hyde will be a Conservative Opportunity Society member, baptized and ordained by the church of Newt. A decade ago, Bob Dole waved off Gingrich with a flick of his wrist: "He's making a lot of noise," he sneered, "but I don't see any impact." Today, Gingrich's Third Wave has seeped into Dole's chamber. A dozen Senate Republicans have formed their own version of the COS. •

called the event to take questions by phone. "I appreciated that." Not surprisingly, Nalepa also loves the Contract with America.

Gingrich's effect on Republican candidates is no accident. For years, his scheduler has been under instructions to set time aside for any Republican congressional candidate who comes to Washington. "Virtually every candidate has been through my office," Gingrich says. Gill, who played basketball at the University of Tennessee with Bernard King, was a White House fellow when he got to know Gingrich in 1993. "You could spend a day with a congressman or senator, and I thought he'd be neat to spend a day with," says Gill. He was impressed. "I got an insider look at what he really does. He spends a lot of the day focusing on policy. As a pro-active conservative, he's a model, and correctly so." Gingrich came to Nashville in September to campaign for Gill, after which Gill's opponent, Gordon, began attacking him as a radical right-winger. "I'm not going to vote with Newt Gingrich 100 percent of the time," Gill responded, "but I'm not going to vote with Bill and Hillary 84 percent of the time," as Gordon has.

Much of Gingrich's influence comes from GOPAC, the political action committee he's headed since 1986. GOPAC holds seminars for candidates, distributes thousands of audiocassettes and videotapes and provides telephone access to Gingrich every Thursday evening. Gingrich is the star of the tapes. Joe Gaylord, a GOPAC honcho, says: "One reason candidates are like him is that for eight years they've gotten training material from him that emphasizes that type of candidacy." Talk to a Republican House candidate and invariably he or she has devoured the GOPAC cassettes and videotapes. "I'm like a believer and a fan," says Baylor. "They have an ability to energize you."

Candidates plagiarize Gingrich's best lines. A favorite is this Gingrich staple: "It is impossible to maintain civilization with 12-year-olds having babies, 15-year-olds killing each other, 17-year-olds dying of AIDS and 18-year-olds receiving diplomas they cannot read." Gill cites the Gingrich riff in denying he's a right-wing extremist (he's worked as a campaign aide for moderates Lamar Alexander, Howard Baker, George Bush). What's "radical," he says, is the social condition described by Gingrich. Baylor has her own version: "It is impossible to maintain civilization with 12-year-olds having babies and carrying coloring books to the delivery room, 14-year-olds taking guns to school to feel safe, 15-year-olds killing each other, 16-year-olds dying of AIDS because they haven't learned the meaning of abstinence, 18-year-olds getting diplomas they can't read, 21-year-olds who are grandmothers, 31-year-olds who've never held a job, and 65-year-olds who sleep on the floor out of fear of drive-by shootings." When Baylor delivered that broadside at the Texas GOP convention last July, she got a standing ovation.

Baylor is a favorite of Gingrich and his GOPAC operatives. She became a Republican in 1979 after a conversation with former President Richard Nixon. Married at the time to baseball player Don Baylor, now manager of the Colorado Rockies, she attended a birthday party for Nixon at Anaheim Stadium in California. He asked why more minorities weren't Republicans, which got her thinking. "Once you get a mortgage and a child, you become a Republican, or at least more conservative." Baylor returned to her hometown of Austin in 1984, got a degree at the University of Texas and started a business. Her first foray into politics was in 1992 when she opposed designating a large area near Austin off-limits to development because it's the habitat of the golden-cheeked warbler. Shortly after Pickle announced his retirement, she jumped into the House race, defeating two white men in the primary. Attending a Republican candidate school in Washington, she learned of GOPAC, got its collection of cassettes and tapes and met Gingrich. His style has rubbed off. She's a relentless, issue-oriented campaigner. This Democrat-leaning district is rough turf for a Republican. Yet she's an unflinching Newtoid. Last May, she conferred with Texas Lieutenant Governor Bill Hobby, a Democrat. He offered to endorse her and raise money if she promised not to vote for Gingrich for speaker of the House. No way, she said.

FRED BARNES

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BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

From Russia With Love

A group of actors gathers for a rehearsal of *Uncle Vanya.* They will work on a platform built in the orchestra of a dilapidated, formerly elegant theater just off Times Square, a venue that time and accident seem almost to have designed for the play. Today the cast will do a run-through without interruption. They wear street clothes; they carry coffee containers with the red heart that loves New York.

An elderly actress and an actor around 40 sit next to each other and begin chatting about odds and ends. Then she asks him if he would like some tea or some vodka, and with a sense of slipping deliciously into beauty, we realize that the play has begun. The woman has become the nanny, Marina; the man is now Dr. Astrov. We are in Russia, on a country estate, around the end of the last century.

A generally wonderful two hours then follow. To begin with, it's Chekhov, who can sometimes seem wonderful even in mediocre performance. But this "rehearsal" is, for the greater part, exquisite. It's the result of work that has been going on, with some interruptions, since 1989. This performance is the fruit of genuine exploration, of the play and of actors' selves, a golden instance of a much-mooted, rarely realized goal.

For the past five years, the most open secret in the New York theater has been this production's preparation, though that last word is not quite precise. A group of actors was chosen for this play by the director, André Gregory (the André of *My Dinner with....*). They rehearsed. From time to time during the past five years, Gregory allowed a few "public" performances of the work-in-progress for invited guests. Then the cast would go back to rehearsing, would break for a time while the actors did other jobs for income, then would reassemble to work further under Gregory, then disperse again, then reassemble. And so on.

In September 1991 Louis Malle, who had filmed *My Dinner with André,* saw a run-through of *Vanya.* Two years later—time was not of the essence here, or at least it was differently of the essence—Gregory and Wallace Shawn, who plays Vanya and who had the dinner with Andre, asked Malle to film their production. This year the film was made. My worst worry about it is that the company may now stop rehearsing. I can't believe that these actors, most of them anyway, have reached their limits under this director. How about another film of the production after another five years?

This film is called **Vanya on 42nd Street** (Sony Pictures Classics), which is literally true, but I hope it's not misleading. Nothing has been done to modernize the play. There are no costumes, no scenery, not even a samovar (there *are* disquieting touches of jazz in the act breaks), but in every remotest cranny of spirit, this is Chekhov. It is not a flawless production, but it glows with affinity.

Start with Malle. For me, his film career has been streaked with unsuccessful seriousness (*Lacombe Lucien, Au revoir, les enfants*). My favorite Malle film was the Shawn-Gregory dinner; there he was given an already achieved work—a play that had been performed—and had only to film it suitably. Which he did. He has done it again here. He understood the simplicities of Gregory's theater directing, the richness of the performances, and has transposed them to the screen without cinematic fol-de-rol, thus with utmost cinematic effect.

For instance, a great deal of the first act is done without much movement by the actors. They enter, sit near one another, leave, come back. Malle's camera, though far from static, doesn't try to compensate kinetically for these patterns: he accepts them as the prevailing dynamics of the sequence. This subscription to the performance is maintained throughout, and Malle's large film experience effortlessly keeps it from being "canned theater."

Gregory himself is only briefly visible. He doesn't "direct"; he makes a few remarks at the start and between the acts. I first got to know Gregory's work when he was the head of the Philadelphia Theater of Living Arts: nothing conventional was done at that place. Subsequently I saw his unique *Alice in Wonderland* in New York (some of the *Vanya* actors were in it) and his numerous small parts in films; but this is the first Gregory directing that I've seen in years. Clearly, like Jerzy Grotowski, whom he studied, he now believes that the theater lives in the art of the actor—the traditional actor, not the performance artist—and that the disclosure of actors' art through a play that is worthy of them is the director's primary function.

The Gregory productions that I saw some years ago were radical in the immediately obvious sense, disruptive of convention in several ways. Now that theater

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The Browning Version. *The ending of Terence Rattigan's bitter little play has been sweetened, but Albert Finney is splendid as the tyrannical yet lonely schoolmaster. (Reviewed 10/31/94)* **Caro Diario.** *Nanni Moretti, celebrated abroad, wrote, directed and stars in this very amiable exploration of his life in Italy today. (10/17/94)* **Hoop Dreams.** *A patient, perceptive documentary that follows two black Chicago teenagers through high school, as they move toward professional basketball. (10/17/94)* **Natural Born Killers.** *Oliver Stone's phantasmagoria about a modern Bonnie and Clyde. Filled to the brim with slash and whirl and perception. (10/3/94)* **—SK**

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fashions have turned that sort of radicalism almost into the norm, Gregory has become radical again simply by returning to tradition—by concentrating on actors and on fidelity to text. This bare bones production isn't a stunt, it's an economic necessity. (But Declan Quinn, the cinematographer, lights it delicately.) Yet this mode of presentation helps to throw the emphasis on the quintessential: acting. Real acting.

I've seen most of this cast before, though not all have registered strongly. Gregory, however, divined what is in them and brought it out. Brooke Smith is Sonya, unrequited in love, left at the end with her equally unrequited uncle to spend the rest of their lives managing the estate together. The entire play moves to Sonya's closing speech, which is basically as ambiguous as Chekhov finds all certainties. Sonya promises her uncle that, "beyond the grave," they will find rest, will find their sufferings "bathed in a perfect mercy." With subtle bleakness, Smith conveys that Sonya must say *something* here: she must offer some consolation, some purpose, for all that has happened and will not happen. Sonya, Smith tells us, may or may not have religious faith, but she loves her similarly bruised uncle and, by comforting him, can also partly comfort herself. With Smith, the lines are tinged with hope—rather than belief—that they are true.

Larry Pine, the Astrov, has dignity and weariness as the country doctor filled with resignation who nonetheless plants forests for future generations, an activity that is analogous with Sonya's utterances about heaven. Julianne Moore, familiar from films, is perfectly cast as the beauteous, wasting Yelena. At first her recurrent laughter seems an actress's attempt to do a "different" Yelena. Then, as the role develops, Yelena's laughter becomes her defense against her stupid marriage, against the irruption of hysteria. George Gaynes, an old-timer, plays her elderly husband, the egomaniacal Serybryakov, self-pitying, selfish. Gaynes is more than credible as the aging, ailing man who cannot understand why his ex brother-in-law, Vanya, whom he carelessly exploits, hates him.

This brings us to the tenderest element, Vanya himself. Wallace Shawn, who helped organize this production and this film, is a talented writer who has been acceptable in some small film roles, usually comic. With Gregory's help, he has found absolutely all there is of Shawn to bring to Vanya. He works to the top of his powers. But it's like a stripling struggling with a heavyweight. When Vanya exclaims that he might have been a Schopenhauer or a Dostoyevsky, we ought to feel that the claim is poignant, pathetic. With Shawn, it doesn't get near

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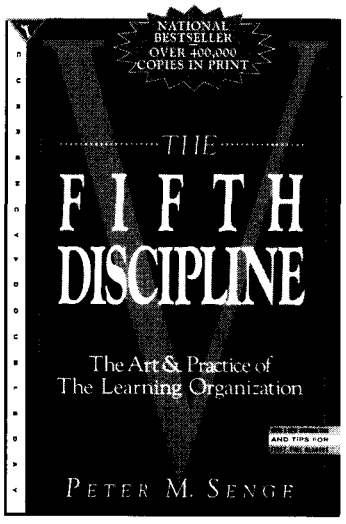

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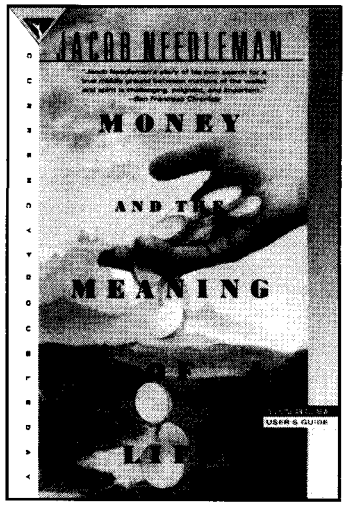

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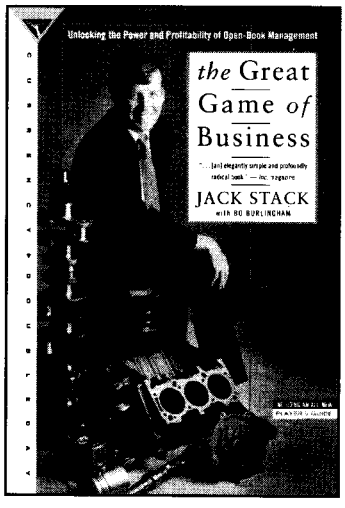

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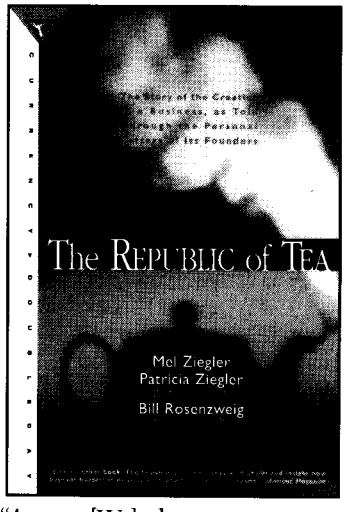

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pathos. The best one can say is that Shawn, with utter commitment, provides what he can of the Vanya needed for the weaving of the play's fabric; and his commitment helps the play/film to exist.

The adaptation is by David Mamet. To judge by one hearing, it's flexible and live. Though some cuts and adjustments have been made, Mamet is faithful to a fundamental quality in the work. He understands that, like all great writers, Chekhov stubbornly tells the truth about us, only the truth, but that, of all great writers, he is the gentlest. •

Robert Brustein on Theater

Boat Show

Harold Prince has brought **Show Boat** into home port at the Gershwin Theatre after a maiden cruise in Canadian waters (it was first commissioned in Toronto). You won't immediately recognize this streamlined ocean liner as the Mississippi paddle boat that first dropped anchor on Broadway in 1927, sailed to London's Drury Lane in 1928, made a Hollywood cruise in 1936 skippered by Charles Winninger as Cap'n Andy (Joe E. Brown in the 1951 Technicolor version) and later returned to a Broadway harbor in 1946, refitted for brief voyages to open-air amphitheaters, light opera houses, summer stock stages and other second-rate tour stops. Instead of leaving this overworked old tub in dry dock, Prince has totally refurbished it with jet engines and a brand new coat of paint. But if the decks look spanking-clean and the hull knifes through the water like a destroyer, the hold still carries the same cargo of treacle and molasses.

Prince is one of those directors—so are Des McAnuff (*Tommy*), Nicholas Hytner (*Carousel*) and Stephen Daldry (*An Inspector Calls*), among others—who now lavish considerable creative gifts on inferior matter. In the past, Prince brought Brechtian staging techniques to a number of innovative musicals (*Cabaret, Evita, Sweeney Todd*). Recently he has seemed content to nestle less in the tradition of Bertolt Brecht than that of David Belasco, supervising big blustering stage spectaculars (*Phantom of the Opera, Kiss of the Spider Woman, Show Boat*) rather than works of substance. Prince no longer has to prove he is a remarkable showman. No one doubts his brilliance at enlivening re-calcitrant material with sensational stage effects (*vide* the falling chandelier in *Phantom of the Opera*). But how does he justify spending so many millions simply to make a leaky old scow like *Show Boat* into the prize feature of a Broadway boat show?

Prince's program note provides the answer: social conscience. This is not, he believes, just another American musical, but "the first to merge the traditional, happy-go-lucky naïveté of B'way musical comedy with serious themes." It was *Show Boat*'s lyricist and book writer, Oscar Hammerstein II, Prince reminds us, "who time and time again (the subject of miscegenation was central to *South Pacific* twenty-two years later) took fierce aim at prejudice in our society. 'You've Got to Be Carefully Taught' are *his* words."

Indeed they are his words, and they mark a moment when the light entertainment known as musical comedy became weighted with leaden social messages—the time, that is, when Broadway became the happy hunting grounds of people who managed to feel liberal while making a lot of money. Since this production of *Show Boat* is very much in that pious tradition, there is irony in the fact that it became the object of racial protest in Toronto before rehearsals had even begun (some black Canadians declared the work insulting). Prince responded to those protests by eliminating "any inadvertent stereotype" and "Uncle Tom" dialogue from the original material. A Southern river rat is still permitted to utter the word "nigger" as evidence of his bigotry, but the black cast members working on the Mississippi have stopped referring to themselves as "darkies," and they no longer get a little drunk and land in jail.

Prince boasts that the racial protests stopped when the allegations proved to be unfounded. But I wouldn't be surprised if his production encountered renewed objections from the African American community. *Show Boat* may take a bold stand on behalf of "miscegenation" (somewhat less provocatively known as "interracial marriage"), but for all the laundering of offensive language, black people may still feel somewhat insulted at their treatment in the production. Both Oscar Hammerstein's operetta and the Edna Ferber novel on which it was based drew heavily on such pulsating nineteenth-century melodramas as Dion Boucicault's *The Octoroon* in devising the subplot of the mulatto Julie, persecuted by Southern bigots for her illegal marriage to a white man. To save her from prison, her husband cuts his wrists and mingles her tainted blood with his own.

That stirring moment of nobility aside, there is little in this lightweight plot to suggest any "fierce aim at prejudice," and most of the black actors in the huge cast of seventy-three serve primarily as background decoration. The basso Joe wanders over the stage singing Jerome Kern's classic "Ol' Man River" even when the action moves to Chicago (the Chicago River?), and his wife Queenie (Butterfly McQueen?) does a job birthing Magnolia's baby. But the others function mostly as local color, not to mention cheap labor. When not toting barges and lifting bales, they are pulling winches, hoisting anchors, dusting paintings and cleaning floors. I know that Prince is trying to emphasize that the work assigned to blacks under post-Civil War segregation was exhausting and demeaning. But after making his black supernumeraries moonlight as stagehands and techies, sweeping the stage and changing the sets, he could very well be accused of having established his own plantation.

Actually, the production draws its energy not from social issues but from visual effects. It is most effective when most theatrical, and it is most confident treating the characters whom show people know best—namely, other show people. The first, and by far the better, of the two acts begins with the docking of the *Cotton Blossom*, all flags waving, on a Natchez levee, nudged into berth by a full-size tugboat. The stock company of this "Floating Palace Theatre" is thereupon introduced: they are characters both in its current attraction, a creaking melodrama called *The Parson's Bride*, and in the equally corny attraction known as *Show Boat*. These include Cap'n Andy (John McMartin) and his starchy wife, Parthy (Elaine Stritch); their daughter Magnolia (Rebecca Luker) who becomes a leading lady when Julie (Lonette McKee) is forced to flee town with her husband Steve (Doug LaBrecque); the comic dancing duo, Frank (Joel Blum) and Ellie (Dorothy Stanley); and finally, Gaylord Ravenal (Mark Jacoby), the gambler turned leading man, who joins the troupe after falling in love with Magnolia.

As long as *Show Boat* is involved with show business, making gentle fun of old-fashioned theater conventions and egotistic theater people, it remains on an even keel. There is considerable affection in the way Prince treats arthritic

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stage traditions, and considerable authenticity in the way he renders them. Then, of course, there are the remarkable tunes of Jerome Kern, which constitute the major reason for reviving *Show Boat*. In a fever of inspiration, he created a medley of some of the most enchanting songs ever written, among them "Make Believe," "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man," "Misery's Comin' Aroun'," "Life Upon the Wicked Stage," "You Are Love," "Why Do I Love You?," "Bill" (borrowed from another show written with P. G. Wodehouse) and, of course, the classic "Ol' Man River."

The latter is sung by Michel Bell, an actor with a voice that seems to come from a deep region in some remote basement of the earth. The song is reprised at least three times, while the actor visibly greys. This repetition represents an effort to impose some unity on the increasingly disordered action that moves from South to North and back to the South again over a period of forty years (1887 to 1927). Most of these years flash by in the second act after Gaylord Ravenal and Magnolia (don't you love those names?) have traveled to Chicago with baby Kim. Unable to provide for his family, Ravenal abandons it, and Magnolia is forced to go back on the wicked stage.

Prince handles the passage of time in cinematic fashion—not by riffling calendar pages but rather by riffling historic headlines ("TEDDY ROOSEVELT ELECTED," "LUISITANIA SUNK") while the door of the Palmer House giddily revolves. But however clever his devices, he cannot disguise the contrived nature of the meandering plot, in which coincidental meetings between the leading characters become almost an organizing principle of the action. The second half of *Show Boat* would seem to be about the breakup of families: not only does Ravenal abandon Magnolia but Steve runs out on Julie, giving her the opportunity for a drunken rendering of "Bill." Since Cap'n Andy doesn't have much use for his grouchy wife either, about the only adhesive relationship, apart from that of Joe and Queenie, is between Parthy and her granddaughter. Prince underlines this intergenerational love affair by having Parthy sing "Why Do I Love You?" to the newborn baby. And at the end of the show, the flapper Kim, now a Broadway star, sings the same song to her grandmother.

By the time this happens, the show boat is back in its Southern berth, and virtually everyone but Julie and Steve is having a happy reunion. The floating theater is now "cooled by electricity" and presents motion pictures in addition to its stage attractions. The whole show ends with a rousing Charleston (choreographed by Susan Stroman). Kim is freeze-framed standing triumphantly in a roadster. And of course we get the inevitable reprise of "Ol' Man River."

The entire cast performs with authority and credibility, especially Elaine Stritch, who turns Parthy into an oddly appealing grump, with a singing voice that doesn't deliver a song so much as scratch it. Prince's brilliant collaborator, Eugene Lee, has designed a handsome wrap-around set decorated with sepia photographs of life on the Mississippi, along with a completely equipped nightclub, the Palmer House facade (including the Chicago El), bars and theaters and at least five different interior and exterior views of the show boat. The costume designer, Florence Klotz, generally scorning primary colors, has used muted tones for her linen, cotton and calico gowns that help authenticate the period. If you're impressed by engineering, you'll find this show an instrument of precisions; even the slamming of a door is synchronized with the music. But Kern's score remains the major reason to revisit *Show Boat*, particularly if you need an occasion to listen to great music and you like to look at expensive boats. •

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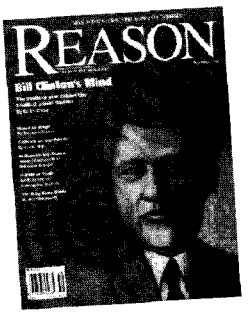

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The Solipsist as Hero

By Michael Walzer

Representations of the Intellectual by Edward W. Said

(Pantheon, 121 pp., $20)

Edward Said and I have disagreed in print and in public debate a number of times, so I have reason to know the forcefulness of his prose and the intensity of his voice. Neither, unhappily, is evident in this book, which reprints his Reith Lectures, delivered in 1993 in six half-hour segments on the BBC. Perhaps he underestimated his audience. Though he says that intellectuals must "make a great deal of [their] rare opportunities to speak," Said, who is overburdened with rare opportunities, has not made much of this one. The lectures are flat and repetitious, but also self-indulgent and self-promoting, and they repeat a standard view of the intellectual, which lends itself to just such a presentation.

Intellectuals, on this view, are heroic figures, who stand apart from their fellows, commit themselves to universal and eternal values, courageously challenge the powers that be and the ideological conventions of their time and place, and endure the "abuse and vilification" that inevitably follow. They are "lonely" figures, marginal, isolated, skeptical, ironic. Passionately engaged in the cause of enlightenment and emancipation, their lives are marked by "risk, exposure, commitment to principles, vulnerability...." In a "state of constant alertness," with "athletic rational energy," they confront authority and ask embarrassing questions. Stubborn and uncompromising in their politics, they are always unpopular and usually defeated.

I suppose that there are men and women who fit this description, who are wholly admirable and worthy of imitation. As a guide to political and moral life, however, the description is terribly wrong. Said's book is a case study: first, he gives to the intellectual such an aura of romantic steadfastness that he—the intellectual, and Said too, since there is not much distinction here between author and subject—doesn't have to argue for the positions that he adopts. He just stands there, incandescent and noble. Second, Said encourages a kind of intellectual solipsism: his hero, though he supposedly chooses the cause of the oppressed, stands absolutely alone, acknowledges no entangling political relationships, takes no responsibility for his actual work and the real consequences of his ideas in the world. Third, the account is so much a self-portrait that all the critical traits distinguishing the intellectual—skepticism, detachment, reflectiveness—are lost even as they are proclaimed: a writer who boasts of his irony ceases to be ironic. I will take up these three points in order.

The romantic pose. Said's lectures work through a series of identifications: intellectual courage=commitment to the oppressed=left politics=a life spent "speaking truth to power"=loneliness and marginality. The "true" intellectual is a man or woman of the left, a dissident forever. Said seems not to notice that right-wing (and presumably "false") intellectuals describe themselves in remarkably similar ways. They challenge the orthodoxies of a liberal society, courageously affirm politically incorrect positions, are vilified or ignored. They, too, on their own report, "are neither winning prizes nor being welcomed into all those self-congratulating honor societies that routinely exclude embarrassing troublemakers...." It is indeed a sad story, but Said isn't the only one who takes pleasure in telling it.

The story may even be true sometimes; each teller has his own cherished and endlessly repeated cases. But it isn't commonly true in the United States today, and it certainly isn't true of Edward Said, who is, by any standard, one of the most influential and successful professors in the world. A good number of politically incorrect conservative intellectuals (and also a few anti-intellectuals) are equally successful and influential, and to great acclaim they, too, tell their tales of political persecution. Said's book exemplifies the purpose of the tales: if you can strike a pose, you don't need to make an argument.

Like Said, I want intellectuals to choose a politics of the left. But this is not a choice that one just makes, in the name of Truth and Justice. It has to be defended, reasons given, arguments presented. Though Said recognizes that some intellectuals make the opposite choice (he always suggests base motives), his own argument proceeds by definition. His crucial verb is "is": leftist dissent "is truly the modern intellectual's role"; "the purpose of the intellectual's activity is to advance human freedom...."; "the true intellectual is a secular being." I know some Catholic leftists who would be upset by the last of these sentences, but in all of them the claim of "isness" is false. Intellectuals are known by their arguments, not by their ideological commitments or their heroic postures. Solidarity with the oppressed makes one a leftist; but worrying about how best to express that solidarity, arguing about programs and policies—only this makes one a leftist intellectual.

Solipsism. Despite his commitment, the Saidian intellectual stands alone. He is critical even of the reigning conventions and the powers that be in the movements of the oppressed. And so he should be; but Said's account of this criticism is confused and tendentious, for he takes no interest, at least in this book, in the substantive arguments that critical intellectuals necessarily get into. Once again, he is focused on the critic's posture and not on his (or, very much to the point here, his own) actual activities. "Never solidarity before criticism," Said boldly proclaims. But his next sentence is a call for solidarity first: "The intellectual always has a choice either to side with the weaker, the less well represented, the forgotten or ignored, or to side with the more powerful." In the beginning, one takes sides, but it turns out that this choice is mostly symbolic, a feature of the drama of the risk-taking, vulnerable, exposed self.

For fourteen years, Said says, he served as a member of the Palestine National Council, but he accepted no official positions, joined no party or faction and rarely went to meetings. In his account of himself, he retained his independence and often criticized the Palestinian leadership, but "I felt it was symbolically important to expose oneself as a Palestinian." This self-description conforms exactly to Said's account of the true intellectual: he is his own (and not only my) best example.

The description is accurate, of course, but it is also incomplete. For Said also exposed himself as a partisan and an apologist. Here he is writing in 1979 about Yasir Arafat in *The Question of Palestine*:

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> ... a much misunderstood and maligned political personality. It would not, I think, be impertinent to say about Arafat that he is the first Palestinian leader to do two essential things: (1) maintain a really intelligent grasp of all the major factors affecting Palestinians everywhere ... and (2) hold an equally astonishing sway over the *detail* of Palestinian life. That is why he has occupied a place of such centrality with such skill for so long. During the ... mandate, there had been a leadership of sorts but [with] ... an oligarchical cast to it, and, perhaps more damaging to its effectiveness, it could not assume ... broadly based quasi-governmental *responsibility* for what it did. This is what Arafat and Fatah have done, through attention to detail and sensitivity to the whole, without at the same time ever appearing to be despotic or capricious.

"Appearing to be" is nice: the risk-taking intellectual covering himself. I suppose that this is symbolic writing, an act of solidarity. But did Said ever worry about the people who read these words when he wrote them, and believed them?

Said's political arguments in 1994 have a similar quality. Several times in this book he announces his fierce opposition to Arafat's "surrender" to Israel, as if this is the natural or obvious stand for an intellectual to take. An intellectual is supposed to be uncompromising, isn't he? Said has given reasons elsewhere for his opposition (among them the despotic and capricious character of Arafat's decision), but here he seems to spin it out of his image of what the intellectual *is*. The hero looks at himself in the mirror and knows exactly what he ought to do. Again, what other people might do who read his words doesn't worry him. That ideas have consequences seems never to occur to Said, whose sense of intellectual responsibility is wholly focused on the integrity of the solitary self.

The author as subject. Said certainly would have done better, as a writer and a thinker, to publish a memoir of his own intellectual wars. Then he could have spoken consistently about himself. Here, though he refers to himself often enough, he pretends to be writing an impersonal analysis of the intellectual as a moral and political type. But the pretense doesn't work, and when he describes the "skeptical irony" or the "audacity of daring" of his intellectual hero, the redundancies point to the anxiety of identification. The image with which he identifies must be positively positive.

At the same time, Said cannot admire intellectuals whom he cannot identify with. Hence the strange attack, at the very end of his book, on the "prominent Western intellectuals" who wrote essays

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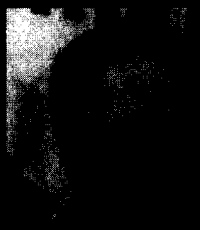

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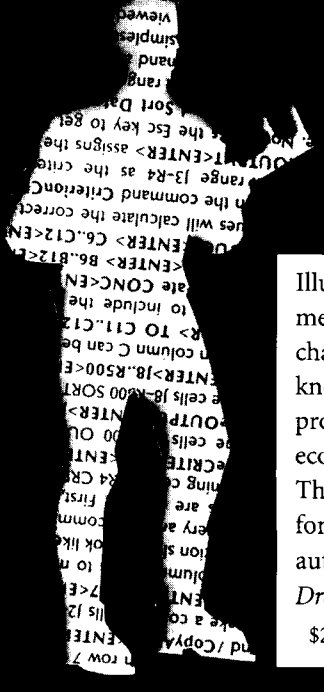

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in *The God That Failed.* (He names Silone, Gide, Koestler and Spender.) The book makes depressing reading, Said says, for it epitomizes the Manichaeanism of the cold war, putting forward "a total dogmatic system in which one side is innocently good, the other irreducibly evil." This is an incredible misreading of these writers. Most of them "chose the West" in a qualified and critical way. Silone, for example, remained a severe critic of Italian society and a left-wing activist. But he and his friends did choose the West; and it is that fact, I suspect, that accounts for Said's inability to identify with them or even to understand what they wrote.

The anti-Communist intellectuals of *The God That Failed* look to Said like a crowd, cowering together for comfort. They should never have been Communists and they should never have been anti-Communists. They should have been lonely heroes, challenging every orthodoxy, eternally at war with authority, seeking only a symbolic solidarity—like, say, Edward Said. I would have thought that the deep disillusion of Silone, Koestler and Gide, and their public confrontation with the small "t" truth about communism, and their open admission of error, all fitted well with Said's call for exposure and vulnerability. But not so, in this case: "Who gave you the right to imagine that your early belief and later disenchantment were so important?" Said, by contrast, parades his own beliefs, and he is eager to tell us about every instance when, faced with temptation, he was true to them; but he reports no disenchantments.

It is, in the end, a simple story that Said tells, for though the intellectual's road is hard—there is abuse, vilification and so on—his work is easy. He arrives at his political and moral judgments "by comparing the known and available facts with a norm, also known and available." Said immediately says that this really isn't easy, since it requires "documentation, research, probings." But nothing is probed very deeply in the few examples that he gives. There are no tortured arguments or complicated analyses, no recognition of difficulty or of the possibility of mistake. Though Said cautiously acknowledges that the postmodernist critique of objectivity and authority is a "positive service," he has no time for worries about disputed facts or uncertain or plural norms. His intellectual hero says what he says because he is what he is: marginal, intransigent and the rest. His only absorbing concern, as he is represented in this book, is to look properly heroic when he says it. •

Bethesda Populism

By Alan Ehrenhalt

Arrogant Capital: Washington, Wall Street, and the Frustration of American Politics by Kevin Phillips

(Little, Brown, 231 pp., $22.95)

Anyone who has heard Kevin Phillips on the radio, dissecting an opinion poll in a clipped, terse, slightly acidic voice, or who has read him in his newsletter, handicapping the midterm election state-by-state, may have difficulty seeing him as anything but a man of facts, numbers and cold political reality. Only if you have looked at the string of books he has published in the past twenty-five years, starting with *The Emerging Republican Majority* in 1969 and stretching through *Arrogant Capital,* are you likely to suspect that he is actually someone quite different: a moralist, a person of passion and smoldering social resentments, a crusader who has been haunted for a quarter of a century by a single, unfulfilled, grand idea.

That idea has come outfitted in a series of different costumes over the years, but it is simple and essentially consistent. It is populism. One day soon—Phillips has been telling us since the 1960s—the ordinary people of this country will rise up against the hypocritical elites that have been oppressing them, and they will take back control of the country for the common good. In the early days, Phillips's populist vision had an unvaryingly conservative character. The elites were the liberal Democrats who had foisted upon the country a depressing array of dubious and disruptive social schemes, redistributing money from hard-working citizens to criminals and welfare cheaters and condoning the hippies and yippies who disrupted the social order upon which decent people depended.

And the vengeance to be exacted upon this obtuse liberal governing class, Phillips proclaimed in *The Emerging Republican Majority,* was an entire generation of Republican political dominance, in the White House, in Congress, in state governments, even in city hall. Democrats were to be reduced to the pathetic status that Republicans had to endure in the 1930s, when Franklin Roosevelt established his party as the dominant force virtually everywhere in the political system. The forgotten ordinary voters, the steel workers in western Pennsylvania and the dirt farmers in rural south Georgia, would be the creators of an era of Republican control.

The Emerging Republican Majority made Phillips's reputation, and it still stands, rhetorical excesses aside, as a work of prescience and originality. When it came to presidential elections, virtually all of his predictions were borne out. Republicans held the White House for twenty of the next twenty-four years, seizing on exactly the issues that Phillips cared about, and they won every election by a comfortable margin. Given such a degree of accuracy, Phillips had more than enough justification for declaring victory and spending the next twenty years portraying himself as a sage.

But he chose, instead, to be consumed by the part of his great prediction that did not come to pass. This was the Republican revolution at the grass roots. During the quarter of a century that followed Nixon's election in 1968, Democrats remained the majority party in Congress, in the states and in the courthouses all over the country. And Phillips, who might have said simply that he got the most important part right, began a long and painful effort to identify and to root out the political treachery that had denied him total victory, not only in the election results but in the fulfillment of his populist dreams.

For a while, in the early 1970s, the culprit was Watergate. Republicans had been on their way to a glorious top-to-bottom triumph in 1972, and then the burglars broke in and stole it. There was so little evidence for this explanation, however, that Phillips soon switched to a different one. In a book called *Mediacracy,* which appeared in 1975, he wrote that the power of the networks and the newspapers was preventing the expression of natural political forces in the society. This, too, was a non-starter, but Phillips never gave up on solving the mystery of the stalled revolution.

In fact, there are plenty of villain-free explanations for the Republican failures of the 1970s and 1980s, and the simplest

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one, it has always seemed to me, is the truest. Most elections in this country are won on the strength of candidate talent, and the Republicans, as an essentially anti-government party, were unable to generate as much of this professional talent as the Democrats. But Phillips has never been willing to buy this. As far as he is concerned, a revolution was due to occur in this country in 1968, some of it did occur, and the only possible reason for the failure of the rest is some sinister force blocking its fulfillment.

Now, in *Arrogant Capital*, Phillips has tried one more time to bag his culprit. And he has found a juicy one: Washington, the evil city where selfish elites cluster together and frustrate the popular will, "an overstuffed seat of government crawling with parasites and wormed with interest groups." It is Washington, he now believes, not Watergate or the media, that conspired to block the forces of political nature. "The electoral revolution succeeded at the polls," he says, "but it became the first of its kind to fail in Washington.... Washington's influential classes had been sinking their roots too broadly and deeply to be displaced as before."

Much of Phillips's rhetoric has a ring of familiarity, and yet many things have changed. Phillips is not a Republican anymore, and by most common definitions he is not a conservative. The social liberalism that made him so angry in the 1960s no longer seems to upset him, or if it does he has stopped writing about it. There is scarcely a word in this book about race or crime or the disregard for authority. Phillips's populism is now strictly economic. The rioters and the demonstrators and their elected apologists of a generation ago have been replaced, in Phillips's demonology, by the financial manipulators of Wall Street and corporate America, and the congressmen in wormy Washington who take their campaign money and refuse to lift a finger against their depredations. The elitist offense against working-class America is no longer to insult its patriotism, but to ship its jobs to Sri Lanka and leave its Main Streets boarded up. "Nobody well-heeled enough to belong to the Metropolitan Club," Phillips writes, "or well-heeled enough to eat at Lion D'Or or Jean Louis, is available to represent the anonymous small town afraid of losing an auto parts plant or to speak for the 10,000 workers Xerox or International Widget are ready to lay off at the wink of a computer."

And something else has changed. When Phillips conceived *The Emerging Republican Majority*, he was a kid from the Bronx in his 20s, working as an aide to an obscure New York member of Congress and laboring to sell his ideas to John Mitchell and the Nixon campaign. His status as an outsider to the Washington elite was, as they used to say, perfectly clear. Twenty-five years later, it is murky. Phillips writes and edits what may be the ultimate insiders' report on political trends, and it is read and paid for by the very elites that anger him; he is a regular commentator on National Public Radio, that familiar bastion of lunch-bucket values; he has given years' worth of speeches to the worms and the parasites. He is preaching revolution from the mean streets of Bethesda.

When Phillips says his book was written "with only a small infusion of Washington insidership and a much larger commitment to Washington outsidership," one can't help but point out that his commitment may be, after all these years, a few parts wishful thinking. Phillips isn't sitting in the bleachers anymore; he is watching the game from a skybox above the fifty-yard line. There is nothing sinful about this, or about the general principle of a writer's turning around and biting the hands that have fed him. But it does rather undermine the effectiveness of a populist argument. William Jennings Bryan, whom Phillips cites with approval over and over again, was a lot more persuasive crusading against Wall Street from Nebraska than he would have been if he had launched his campaign from a brownstone in Gramercy Park.

Still, Phillips's book is worth reading. It is full of the interesting analogies across space and time that set him apart from anybody who has written about American politics in recent years. Demonizing Washington gives Phillips a chance to experiment with historical analogy in the grand style he always has loved. Washington is not only decadent, it exudes the same sort of decadence that marked Edwardian London, Madrid after the defeat of the Armada, Amsterdam in the eighteenth-century twilight of the Dutch Empire, Athens and Rome after the glory years. More important, Phillips reminds us that moral and economic decline have to be considered together. "They draw on each other," Phillips declares. "Any plausible explanation of the forces at work in the late-twentieth-century United States (or in previous great powers) must include both." This is right, and it is important. To pontificate about family values and personal responsibility, and to ignore the irresponsibility of corporate and financial America to the people and the communities that have sustained it, is ridiculous. To beat up on Wall Street

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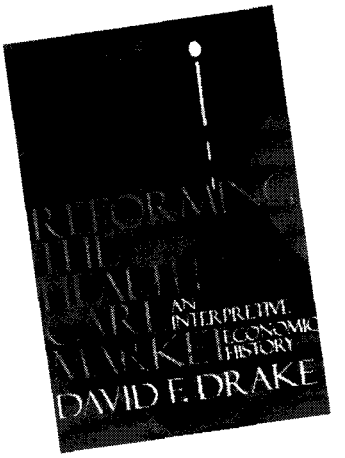

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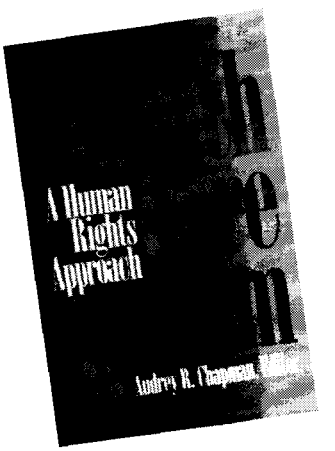

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and to ignore the question of individual discipline and character in the larger society is about as bad. One doesn't have to believe that America is decadent in the 1990s, or that Washington is its Gomorrah; but if one is to take the idea seriously, there is no choice but to face it on more than one front at a time. Phillips makes this point very well.

In the process, he lands some fine shots at end-of-the-century finance and politics and their intersection in the halls of Congress. One of his telltale signs of the corruption and the decadence of Washington in the 1980s, for example, was its inability or its unwillingness to regulate the financial manipulation that merged hundreds of functioning companies out of business and swallowed up good jobs all over the country. "Government officials did little more than gawk at the new techniques and practices," he says, "just as in the sixteenth century, when the pioneering capitalism of the Renaissance flooded across Western Europe on a wave of innovation and inflation, and in the nineteenth century, when British and American economic regulation took some fifty years to sixty years to catch up with the Industrial Revolution."

The lowest stage of capitalism, Phillips believes, is the period of financial obsession, when the manufacture of paper fortunes begins to take precedence over the making of real goods and the protection of productive employment. This is just where we are, he insists, and where we have been before:

> Each of the countries we have been examining, as it passed its peak, underwent a transformation in which finance found itself riding high, feeding on investment and speculation as manufacturing lost importance.... For the overall national economy, financialization has been a stage of decay, not triumph. An important yet small elite flourishes, but the average citizen is a loser.

This is Phillips's current brand of populism in a nutshell. Wall Street preys on the country, while Washington, paralyzed by campaign cash, free restaurant meals and expensive clothes, sits back and lets it all happen. (The clothes seem really to bother Phillips. In Chapter 2, he complains about lobbyists on K Street wearing $800 suits. By Chapter 5, they are wearing $1100 suits.)

It is entertaining, and, if you don't take the historical juxtapositions too literally, it is worth thinking about. Where Phillips goes wrong is in his enthusiastic anticipation of the populist revolt that he has been predicting for the past twenty-five years, and is now predicting for the current decade. "Elected officeholders," he says, "must start representing the public and the 'real economy' rather than the financial system and the financial markets." But is there any sign that the public is demanding this? The predatory practices of Wall Street were not a significant issue in the last presidential campaign, and they are not a significant issue in the campaigns this year. One can argue, in fact, that the continuing political presence of Ross Perot, demanding that government manage its affairs more like a business, is evidence in itself of the popular apathy toward financial wrongdoing. William Jennings Bryan did not storm the country in 1896 demanding that the government be run more like the Union Pacific. Whatever the populism of the 1990s might be, it does not seem to be a rebellion against Wall Street. Over the past decade, American corporations have spent billions of public relations dollars in an effort to sell the proposition that they are, much like the voters themselves, helpless casualties of bureaucratic overregulation. By and large, they have been successful. As long as voters continue to accept this brand of victimology, it is hard to see where any revolt against the financial system could come from.

The rebellion against Washington, on the other hand, is undeniable and explosive. But here, too, Phillips launches a line of argument that is difficult to swallow. Like George F. Will, a fellow exponent of Bethesda populism, Phillips has somehow convinced himself that the scoundrels in Congress have gotten us all into a mess by governing in their own interests and ignoring the wishes of the people. This is patently false. Congress is a sophisticated machine engineered for responding instantly to the public whim, and it works fine. That Congress ignores the long-term common good is not only plausible, it is true; but that it fails to give the voters what they seem to want at a given moment is a proposition that can only be entertained with a determined effort at self-delusion. People do not like taxes, but they do like getting checks from the government. It is Washington's insistence on trying to honor both of these preferences simultaneously that gave us a $300 billion deficit, not elitist disdain for the electorate.

Jonathan Rauch, whom Phillips cites as one of the most able current chroniclers of Washington decadence, says all this very persuasively in *Demosclerosis*, his recent book on governmental gridlock. "Who is the cause of Demosclerosis?" Rauch asks. "Look in the mirror." Yet Phillips blithely acquits ordinary American voters of complicity in their governmental fate. The minimum requirement to be an honest populist in the 1990s is a willingness to face up to the question of public responsibility, and not to portray the voters merely as innocent victims of men in Washington who eat French food and wear Italian suits.

Phillips knows this as well as anybody, I think, and that is why, after a book that seems to be driven by anger and bitterness, he concludes with an unexpectedly muddled and tepid list of solutions. Nationwide voter referendums; term limits; proportional representation; reduced congressional staffs; having Congress meet outside Washington: Phillips manages, in a grab-bag final chapter, to say something on behalf of just about every one. But he doesn't deliver a ringing endorsement or make a powerful argument for any particular change. He nearly always hedges by saying that an idea on his list "deserves more attention," or is entitled to a "full-fledged national debate." It is as if, at the very last moment, Phillips has exhausted his energy for the crusade, and retreated, not altogether unwisely, to his older, quieter skepticism.

Only in the categories of finance and taxation does he seem sure of himself, and more or less specific. He wants public auditing of the Federal Reserve; a crackdown on tax credits for corporations that move jobs abroad; steep new levies on the 25,000 richest Americans; higher inheritance taxes in the upper brackets; and more favorable treatment of capital gains, but only for the middle class. "What chance would measures like these have of being approved by Congress?" he asks. "Not much," he concedes. And so he falls back on the proposition that they would become feasible if we began setting tax policy by national referendum—an idea that any sensible reformer ought to find genuinely terrifying, but that Phillips somehow does not.

To say that Phillips is a little weak in the solutions department is to say nothing that can't be said with equal accuracy about virtually every book that has been written on the subject of American government in recent times. It is always easier to find the villains, and it is nearly always more fun. In this case, however, one has to suspect that the reform program is flimsy in part because reform isn't really the writer's main interest. What Phillips cares most about is finding order in history, and explaining in particular why the past quarter-century of American political history did not unfold the way he ordained it to unfold in the precocity of his youth.

The irony of it all is that, as his book

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appears, the Republican Party seems poised to do something it has not done since 1968: approach, if it does not actually achieve, majority status in both houses of Congress. The odds are, in addition, that after the election next month, more governors will be Republicans than Democrats. The two largest cities in America have Republican mayors for the first time in Kevin Phillips's life.

Next January, the American political system as a whole will be closer to Phillips's original blueprint than at any moment since he issued it. But it won't be the revolution he is promoting at the moment. Republicans are prospering this year on the rhetoric of *The Emerging Republican Majority*: safe streets, family values and a hard line against exotic social liberalism. What they are not espousing is the economic populism of *Arrogant Capital*. The Republican platform of 1994 does not include tougher inheritance taxes on the rich or strict regulation of Wall Street and footloose corporations. It is built, instead, on the supply-side cotton candy that Phillips has been denouncing for the past decade. This is a party full of candidates who insist on reading from Phillips's first script instead of his last one. It seems very unlikely, whatever the results turn out to be in November, that the country is about to move very far in the direction he wants to go. The career of a prophet has never been an easy one.

ALAN EHRENHALT is executive editor of *Governing* magazine and the author of *The United States of Ambition* (Times Books).

The Eye of Faith

BY ARTHUR C. DANTO

Likeness and Presence: A History of the Image Before the Era of Art by Hans Belting translated by Edmund Jephcott

(University of Chicago Press, 676 pp., $65)

In the breathtaking speculations on religion, art and philosophy in the climactic sections of his so-called *Encyclopedia of the Philosophical Sciences*, Hegel argues that with the advent of religious art, religion itself is on the decline: "At the very time [art] seems to give religion its supreme glorification, expression and brilliancy, it has lifted the religion away over its limitation." "Beautiful art," accordingly, "has thus performed the same service as philosophy: it has purified the spirit from its thralldom." Prior to that moment when, through its beauty, art succeeded in exalting "the sublime divinity," a very different role was played by works of art in cult practice. In that role, considerations of beauty or ugliness were in fact irrelevant. In "the older religion," as Hegel terms it, "the images adored by its devotees are hideous idols regarded as wonder-working talismans," and he observes, sarcastically referring to the use of relics, "bones perform a similar or even a better service than such images."

With a relic—a tooth, a knuckle bone, a lock of hair—a cult believes itself to have in its presence a fragment of an actual sainted being, and a reason to hope that the saint's power will remain, intact and virile, in its sundered bodily bits. To worship the relic is to worship the saint and to expect, in exchange, miraculous interventions. The saint's images are as intimately related to the saint's person as his or her bones, and they are objects of devotion in the same sense. From the perspective of the cult, it is no more important that the images in question be beautiful than that the bones be: all that matters to the unaesthetic and practical eye of faith is the power of the saint, actualized in wondrous deeds enacted on the cult's behalf. When images begin to be prized for beauty rather than for their ability to heal, to restore fortune or love—or to confound an enemy—then indeed, as Hegel says in another famous context, "has a form of life grown old." Art will have graduated from the dark ways of power to the exalted precincts of the life of the spirit.

The original German title of Hans Belting's thrilling book is *Bild und Kult*—

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"Image and Cult"—and it is concerned precisely with the role of Hegel's "hideous idols," with devotional images worshiped by Christian cults for about 1,000 years. The theory, crudely speaking, was that holy beings—the Madonna or Christ himself, but other figures as well—were present in their images in an exact and literal sense that I have elsewhere called "immanent representation." It would be representation in the strict sense of being present again, as if the holy being had the gift of multiple presences, in each of which it had the same power.

It is this to which the term "presence" in Belting's English title refers, and it has very little to do with likeness, which belongs to a quite different sense of representation, namely, the sense in which a picture shows us what something looks like. The cult would have no particular interest in what might have been the saint's actual appearances, for it was in possession of something far superior to a mere likeness. It had the saint as such, really present in an image, the latter housed in a special enclave that one approached with ritual diffidence, in a spirit about as removed from the experience of looking at pictures in a museum as can be imagined. The "Santa Santorum" icon of Christ in the Lateran, alleged to have been formed without the mediation of human hand, and the "Salus Populi Romani" icon of the Madonna and Child in Santa Maria Maggiore, said to have been executed by Saint Luke, typify this sort of image. Belting reproduces a photograph of an exhibition of 1988—the "Year of Mary"—when all the icons of the Virgin were exhibited together in Rome, as if works of art were to be judged as likenesses rather than presences. They look lost and underemployed in the sterile atmosphere of the gallery, especially when we reflect that there was a traditional procession in which the Santa Santorum image was carried to meet the Madonna at Santa Maria Maggiore, where "the role of these images ... was not confined to a meeting of two icons but involved a visit of two persons."

An artist of today, I suppose, would give a right arm to achieve a relationship with an audience as tremblingly intimate and fulfilling. For that to happen, however, viewers of today would have to be transformed into celebrants. And none of the skills that define an artist would be relevant to the production of the cultic image. The striking of a likeness is something that can be taught and learned. The ingression of a saint into an image is a transaction of an altogether different order. Presence and likeness are pictorial relationships of radically different kinds; and when art moved from one to the other, as in Hegel's account, religion was transformed from cultic practice to something verging on philosophical exaltation. Belting's text ends by discussing "the crisis of the image" with the advent of the concept of art and

> ... the new, secularized demands of culture and the aesthetic experience. In this image a unified concept of the image was given up, but the loss was obscured by the label "art."... Artistic and nonartistic images now appeared side by side, addressed to people of different levels of culture.... The painter now became a poet and as such had the claim of poetic freedom, including that of interpreting religious truths. The religious subject, in the end, could be invented only by the artist, since it could not actually be seen.... The new presence *of* the work succeeds the former presence of the sacred *in* the work.

Belief in immanent representation was not peculiar to the Dark Ages. Far more of the world's pictorial imagery probably is concerned with making something present than in capturing likenesses. It is a mark of our cultural provincialism that we characterize this art as "primitive." Such a description expresses our assumption that the artists in question would have done better at getting likenesses if only they knew how, and that they must be locked, therefore, into a low stage of mimetic technology, when in fact imitation is not their ambition at all. Still, the widespread belief lingers that some connection, deeper by far than mere resemblance, connects pictures and their subjects, and a recent study by David Freedberg, called *The Power of Images*, suggests as much. Freedberg argues that art historians have neglected these often humble images and the power that they exert over individuals in cultures the world round, a power that has nothing to do with the formalisms of art appreciation.

However universal the phenomenon may be, some historical explanation of how the image should have come to play so central a role in Christian devotion certainly is required. Images of the Roman emperors had something like the relationship to the emperor that icons have to their saints, yet Christians often were martyred precisely for refusing to worship these images, typically on grounds of a general injunction against graven images and hence against idolatry. How, then, did idolatry come to play so compelling a role in Christianity? Belting has undertaken to provide the required historical explanation in twenty fascinating chapters, in which we see image worship move from the margins to the heart of Christian practice, until, just as Hegel says, considerations of beauty supervene, the concept of art with which we are familiar begins to emerge, and nothing remains the same.

The subtitle of Belting's book deserves mention, for it conveys his particular historical vision: *A History of the Image Before the Era of Art.* Belting is best known to American readers for a small and widely discussed book, published ten years ago, called *The End of Art History?* That work was remarkable for the audacity of its thesis, whatever the supporting argumentation, and it made a great impression on me, not merely because I was writing on the end of art at the same time, but because I felt that Belting was reaffirming a great lost tradition of art history at a time when art history, as a discipline, had become pallidly academic. Against the tremendous synoptic visions of art as a spiritual activity, to be found in the great works of Alois Riegel and Heinrich Wolfflin and Erwin Panofsky, art history had become curatorialized or, worse, docentized—with little by way of theory beyond formalism or, politically, a kind of whimpering Marxism. Belting was taking the largest possible view of art as an institutional practice, but the new work enables us to see far more clearly than we were able to, what the general outline of his thesis in the earlier book must have been.

To speak of "images before the era of art" is, in effect, to speak of *art* before the era of art. Belting is not arguing that these icons were not works of art, but that the concept of art had not emerged in such a way as to enter the thought either of the producers or the users of images:

> We are so deeply influenced by "the era of art" that we find it hard to imagine "the era of images." Art history therefore simply declared everything to be art in order to bring everything within its domain, thereby effacing the very difference that might have thrown light on our subject.

The artists of the Dark Ages in Europe did not intend to make images that would be enjoyed or appreciated the way we think of enjoying or appreciating works of art. And when the concept of art became available to artists, a very different set of reasons came into being for commissioning works of art than had prevailed over the previous millennium.

Given the choice of creating an image through which divine beings could intervene in the urgent affairs of human beings, or making something that would give pleasure to cultivated viewers, it is

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difficult to imagine that the latter would prevail. But it did prevail, and this was due to a transformation in the way in which humans viewed themselves, the world and their relationship with the world—to that complicated series of transformations that we know as the Renaissance. But that did not put an end, of course, to the emergence of wonder-working images. They turn up all the time, in Guadelupe and in Queens. In this sense, Freedberg is certainly right: there is a certain ahistorical propensity to respond to the power of images for reasons that have nothing much to do with the power of art.

When the transformation occurred, a practice of connoisseurship emerged that focused on the craft of artists in producing beautiful objects. (In a marvelous discussion, Belting demonstrates how the emergence of devotional images as self-conscious works of art went hand in hand with the treatment of pictures as components of jewelry.) But before the era of art, it was not required that there be evidence of the artist's manual prowess. Indeed, it was assumed that the truly important images came into being without the mediation of artists at all.

Fox Talbot, the co-inventor of photography, spoke of "the pencil of nature," and one motive for using natural means to produce images was his own draftsmanly ineptitude. A medieval theorist might have spoken of "the pencil of supernature" in explaining a crucial class of images, pre-eminently the image of Jesus's face mysteriously imprinted on the veil of Saint Veronica. (Veronica was said to have given the veil to Jesus as he sweated up the slope toward Calvary.) The *vera icon* or "Mandylion" of Jesus's imprint had a double significance, temporal and theological: it provided evidence that Jesus had existed historically and that he had a human nature. But since it materialized without the mediation of the human hand, it was, technically, not an idol. And finally, since it was Jesus's expression of appreciation for Veronica's charitable gesture, it was evidence that Jesus actually wanted there to be an image of himself.

There could, accordingly, be no grounded objection to the existence of images as such. Belting lays out what is known historically about such paleophotographic images, and explains their role in breaking down the resistance to images in devotional practice. The Veronica tradition lives on, by the way, in those curious cases we still see, now and again, in which Jesus's face all at once seems to appear in another image, however unlikely. A few years ago a billboard showing a bowl of spaghetti was believed to have an image of Jesus "in it" in the way Jesus's face might appear in a cloud. It became a test of faith whether or not you were able to "see" the features, and needless to say miracles were expected, though the mere presence of the Holy Visage was, for the faithful, miracle enough.

Other images also helped to legitimize religious art. There are wonderful paintings from the "era of art" in which Saint Luke is shown painting the Virgin (by Rogier van der Weyden, among others); and Saint Luke inevitably became the patron saint of painters. But he also validated the possibility that images would be acceptable even when painted by hand, so long as the hands were those of a saint. There were any number of *Lukasbilder* in Europe, all of them again testifying not so much to the likeness of the Virgin as to the presence of the Virgin, and all of them worshiped for the same reason that she was worshiped.

This leaves the question of how to legitimize images painted by artists, when the artists were not themselves saints like Saint Luke. The answer lies in the practice of copying: a copy of a bona fide image inherits the powers of the original. "The making of many replicas of icons in the Middle Ages reflects the belief that duplicating an image would extend its power." Just as a saint's power can be distributed into many pictures, that power can be distributed in pictures of those pictures as well. Of course, since the right connection to the original was what was crucial, it was not especially important that there be any signs of artistic innovation or expression, which explains why the manufacture of icons can exhibit a singularly uneventful history over extended periods of time. It was only when the era of art began and the craft of the artist became salient that originality and the practice of the copy underwent the transformation with which we are all familiar. Only in the era of art do we become exercised over fakes, or worry about whether the image we are contemplating was done by a follower, is the product of the workshop, or has in it the hand of the master.

Despite the various enfranchising moves (and there were others too complicated to rehearse here), the history of the image in the era before art was not without its setbacks. Resistance to iconolatry was not only a corollary of the commandment against graven images. It also was driven by speculations concerning the picturability of divine beings and the conceptual difficulties posed by Christ as someone fully divine and fully human at the same time. As Belting shows, the argumentation became intricately philosophical:

> It was protested that, while it was one thing to represent a saint, who had a visible body, in an image, it was quite another to try to present the invisible God in a visible image. The objection was answered by the formulation of the dual divine-human nature of Jesus, of which, however, only his human nature could be depicted. An indirect image of God was conveyed by depicting an historical being who implied the presence of God. The task now remained only to postulate the indivisible unity of the invisible God and the visible human being seen in a single person. Once God was visible as a human being, it was possible to make an image of him as well, and indeed to use it as a theological weapon. In the seventh century, Anastasius thus posed the trick question as to who or what was to be seen in a painting of Christ being crucified. The death that the image was supposed to attest could be neither that of God nor, if one was to believe in the death's redemptive power, that of a human being called Jesus.

This is taking pictorial metaphysics *au sérieux*; and we have a long way to go before we reach the era of art and the rapture over form that identifies the discourse of aesthetes. A theological weapon implies a theological battle, and there can have been few conflicts in history at once more metaphysical and more violent than the great iconoclastic controversies of Byzantium. Very few of the early images survived it. But the passion for devotional images ultimately prevailed, especially when one counted the Empresses of Byzantium as advocates. Like iconolatry, iconoclasm is enough of an ineradicable part of our relationship to pictures that we continue to find examples of it in human affairs—pulling down statues of Lenin is a familiar recent case. Belting gives a marvelous account of the controversy as it raged in the Eastern Empire, and gives us a historical example of how a lot of theory can get secreted in response to the human attachment to—and fear of—pictures.

I cannot begin to describe the richness or the imaginative grandeur of Hans Belting's book. No doubt the experts in the period will find things to correct or modify, but it would be a crime if it were to be believed that this is primarily a book for specialists in the early medieval painted image. It is not. It is a work that anyone interested in art, or in the history of thought about art, should regard as urgent reading. It is a tremendous achievement, all the more so in that the art it treats would hardly get a second glance, let alone.a first one, from most of us who pad through museums, saturated

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as we are in the defining doctrines of the era of art. That era may indeed have come to an end, but the museum is hardly thinkable other than in its terms, and those are not terms with which the devotional image is altogether happy.

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The Losable Past

BY GORDON S. WOOD

Telling the Truth About History by Joyce Appleby, Lynn Hunt and Margaret Jacob

(W. W. Norton, 322 pp., $25)

It is only within the context of our ongoing cultural war that this book can be understood. For essentially it is an attempt by its authors to mediate this struggle, to use their good offices and their influence to find some solution, some middle way between the extremes, and thus end the fighting. One can only hope that their efforts at mediation will be successful.

Confused and complicated as this war is, it can be described basically as a struggle between the traditionalists or modernists and the postmodernists, or, as these three authors see it, between the defenders of the status quo and the relativists. This basic dichotomy can be extended outward to encompass and to explain the ongoing struggles between the universalists and the ethnicists, between the pluralists and the multiculturalists, between those who stress America's essential unity and those who stress its essential diversity. So what might seem to be a petty academic debate about the nature of historical writing in fact has momentous implications for the kind of nation that we Americans want to be.

Although the three authors are well aware of the pervasive influence of postmodern thinking on everything from architecture to the movies, their concern in this book is with the discipline of history—understandably so, since they are all historians. They write their book with one voice, but each author is a distinguished historian in her own right. Joyce Appleby is an expert in early American history. Lynn Hunt writes on the French Revolution and on women's history. Margaret Jacob specializes in the history of science. It is hard to think of three historians better equipped to deal with threats to the discipline of history, particularly threats that come from the left of the political spectrum. For it is the peculiar burden of their book to try to rescue history from attacks from the left without at the same time repudiating much of what the left believes.

History is one of the last of the humanistic disciplines to be affected by deconstruction and by postmodernist theories. These theories are not the same as ordinary historical relativism, which, as historian Gertrude Himmelfarb describes it, "locates the meaning of ideas and events so firmly in their historical context that history, rather than philosophy and nature, becomes the arbiter of truth." Most historians these days, including Himmelfarb, have become comfortable with this kind of contextual relativism, which accepts the reality of the past and our ability to say something true, however partial, about it. But, as Himmelfarb and these three historians agree, the radical relativism of postmodernism threatens all of that. Postmodernism challenges all the fundamental assumptions of Western social science and calls into question everything that makes historical reconstruction possible.

Postmodernists are attacking the entire Enlightenment project on which the natural and social sciences are based. They hold that there is no truth outside of ideology and, indeed, they suggest that the search for truth is itself the central Western illusion. Truth, they believe, is invented, not discovered. Strip away the political and cultural coverings that pass as "truth" in each society and the will to power of hegemonic interests will be revealed. The idea that the historian masters facts and recovers past reality is, in the authors' description of the postmodernist point of view, "simply a figment of the Western, capitalist imagination." History is seen as "a useful fiction for modern industrial society, nothing more." As one postmodernist has put it, "History is the Western myth."

In so far as postmodernists recognize a "new historicism" at all, it is one practiced mainly by literary critics and involving essentially the unmasking and revealing of "hegemonic" relations of power. Postmodernism in fact subverts all conventional history writing. Because of the impossibility of historical reconstruction and the postmodern subversion of our conventional sense of time, some postmodern literary critics like Elizabeth Deeds Ermarth have gone so far as to predict "the disappearance of history," which in turn may mean the end of all the things bound up in "historical time," including our ideas of human rights, the structure of the human sciences and the informational functions of language. In fact, in place of the plot and character of traditional history writing, Ermarth offers an "interminable pattern without meaning," a form of writing that resembles modern music or some modern novels.

Not all the postmodern theorists are as wild as Ermarth, but Appleby, Hunt and Jacob are keenly aware of the threat postmodern theories pose for history. So far it is mainly a threat. Although post-modernism already has profoundly transformed the study of literature, art and anthropology, it has only begun to scratch the surface of the discipline of history.

Yet there are straws in the wind, of which this book is one, that suggest a destructive storm might be closer than we think. Multicultural studies that use the postmodern theories seem new and exciting, and they are attracting some of the best young minds in the discipline. Fashionable postmodern jargon—"decentering" this, "deconstructing" that; "inventing" this, "constructing" that—are cluttering up more and more historical writings. Some respected historians, such as Simon Schama and John Demos, have become frustrated by the constraints that documentary evidence places upon their imaginations and have chosen to invent thoughts and words for their historical characters, thus contributing, however inadvertently, to the postmodernist blurring of fact and fiction. Other historians, such as Peter Novick in his widely read book, *That Noble Dream*, have become increasingly skeptical of the possibility of writing detached and objective history and have concluded that each historian has "agendas" and does only what is right in his or her own eyes. This skepticism is reaching the point at which all defenses of objectivity and impartiality, even as ideals, are ridiculed as naïve and self-serving. It seems evident that the discipline of history is being fundamentally challenged in new ways.

The authors realize that not all of these challenges have been bad. Some feminist historians, such as Joan Wallach Scott, have found the postmodern theo-

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ries helpful in showing the social constructiveness of gender distinctions and in formulating a new women's history. As women and "outsiders" in academia, the authors have been "especially sensitive to the ways in which claims to objectivity have been used to exclude us from full participation in the nation's public life." Claims of objectivity also have been used to exclude other groups from America's past, and thus by destroying canons and deconstructing authorities, postmodernism has no doubt been helpful in the creation of a multicultural perspective on the past.

Consequently, in drawing out the implications of postmodernism, these three historians do not see themselves "looking into the abyss," as Gertrude Himmelfarb has described her recent confrontation with postmodernist history. They have no desire to reject "out of hand everything put forward by the postmodernists." They in fact accept relativism as a necessary part of historical thinking and celebrate the changes that have taken place in history writing over the past generation. Still, they believe that "truths about the past are possible, even if they are not absolute, and hence are worth struggling for." Thus they are willing to "take on both the relativists on the left and the defenders of the *status quo ante* on the right." They want to save the new history from its friends as well as its enemies.

They are historians, and so they have organized their book historically. The eighteenth century, they write, made natural science the measure of all human truth. Natural science was neutral, value-free and objective, and as such it became the guarantor of progress and power in the West. The success of science in understanding nature inevitably led people to aspire to apply the scientific method to an understanding of society. Thus arose the human sciences—first history, then psychology, sociology and anthropology—and with the emergence of these human sciences came the belief in linear progress. If historians behaved like scientists, then history, it was thought, could contribute to this progress, particularly by applying its findings of how the West became modern to the whole world.

Following this opening, the authors quickly run through what they call "the three main schools of Western historical interpretation of the twentieth century"—Marxism, the French Annales school and American modernization theory. All three schools sought to create "a modern, scientific history [that] could incorporate every place on earth into one secular universal story with the aim of understanding the patterns of development." All three were heirs of the Enlightenment; all three promised progress and emancipation from the darkness of the past. Yet now all this hope, all this vision, has come under increasing attack, to the point, the authors say, where the future of history itself has been brought into question.

The second part of the book is titled "Absolutisms Dethroned." In it the authors describe the various ways that American historians, beginning with Charles Beard and the Progressives, have unmasked and demystified the myths, institutions and ideologies of the United States in order to reveal the underlying gritty and exploitative reality. Although radical critics of America during the first half of the twentieth century tended to see that gritty and exploitative reality as an economic one, in their political outlook and in their desire to penetrate beneath the surface of things they were in fact the progenitors of the deconstructionists, postmodernists and new historicists of our own time. According to the authors, however, the immediate source of the present crisis in history was the remarkable outburst of social history writing that began in the 1960s.

The effects of the upheavals of the 1960s were felt everywhere in American culture, but especially in colleges and universities. The 1960s democratized higher education in America. Never before did so many men and women from so many different social backgrounds go to college and earn higher degrees. Among the people from diverse backgrounds entering the historical profession were increasing numbers of women. The number of new female Ph.D.s in history steadily grew through the decade, and the decades following. In 1970 only 13 percent of new Ph.D.s were awarded to women; by 1989 that had increased to 37 percent. As the character of the history profession changed and became more diverse, so did the subjects about which historians wrote. Between 1958 and 1978 the proportion of doctoral dissertations written on social history quadrupled, and social history surpassed political history as the primary area of historical research.

More important, than the change in subjects, however, was the radical shift in perspectives. Instead of focusing on statesmen, generals, diplomats and elite institutions, the new social historians over the past thirty years have concentrated on "America's outsiders—the poor, the persecuted and the foreign," and thus they have "put their research on a collision course with the conventional accounts of the American past." For the most part the stories of these outsiders have not been celebrations of heroic achievement and patriotic glory; they have been "tales of frustration and disappointment which cannot be easily assimilated to the monolithic story of American success."

The authors contend that our present pessimism and skepticism and multiculturalism are in large part consequences of the last three decades of work in social history. By attacking the older narrative history as "always partial, always political, always propagandistic, indeed, mythical ... the social historians fostered the argument that history could never be objective." At the same time the new social history worked to weaken the ties that bound Americans to the nation. Since much of this social history "is unassimilable into any account written to celebrate the nation's accomplishments," it "raises very fully the disturbing possibility that the study of history does not strengthen an attachment to one's country. Indeed, the reverse might be true, i.e., that open-ended investigation of the nation's past could weaken the ties of citizenship by raising critical issues about the distribution of power and respect." The new social history challenged the possibility of absolute truth and patriotism, and thus it helped to pave the way for the introduction of postmodern theories into history.

But this introduction took time. The authors contend that controversy over the methods and the goals of social history worked to delay the use of postmodern theories in history writing in comparison with their use in the other humanistic disciplines. For a long while, social history by itself seemed to satisfy the political urges and the utopian aims of its practitioners. When it no longer sufficed, many historians turned more and more to cultural history, which became another way-station on the road to postmodernism. Even the Marxists, under the influence of theorists such as Gramsci and Williams, abandoned old-fashioned economic materialism in favor of the new cultural history. Borrowing heavily from anthropology and literary theory, cultural historians broke up the past into unconnected ethnographic moments and turned all cultures into texts that had no relationship to anything outside of themselves. As the authors point out, this kind of cultural history "could be used to further the attack on reason and universal values" and could therefore contribute to making history over in a postmodernist fashion.

What the authors call "discovering the clay feet of science" reinforced the growing skepticism, relativism and multicultural criticism that helped propel histori-

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ans toward postmodernism. In the years following World War II, the heroic model of science came undone. Revealing of this intellectual unraveling and a sign of the times, say the authors, was Thomas Kuhn's *The Structure of Scientific Revolution*, which appeared in 1962. By showing how scientists operated within theories and conventions that changed through time, Kuhn's book unintentionally reinforced the rising skepticism about science. If even the scientific process were historically conditioned, then it seemed that nothing was immune from relativism.

Probably because of Jacob's expertise and influence, the three authors tend to see the intellectual struggle of the 1960s taking place centrally in the history of science. Although the authors describe the historians of science as one of the major forces undermining the absolutism of science in the postwar world, in the end they also make them the redeemers of what they had wrought. Beginning in the 1960s, historians of science used richly contextual studies of the heroic figures of science such as Newton and Darwin to reveal just how prejudiced, irrational and ideological these great men of science had been. Yet these historians of science also showed that it was precisely the scientists' involvement in the major currents of opinion of their day that enabled them to make their great discoveries. Newton's deep religious conviction made possible his conceptualization of universal gravitation. Darwin's Malthusian perspective on the struggle of the poor in nineteenth-century Britain made possible his formulation of the mechanism of natural selection. Thus these recent historicist studies of great scientists, the authors conclude, "suggest new understandings of how objective truth can be produced by deeply subjective people." No lesson is more important to Appleby, Hunt and Jacob: the fact that "science can be historically and socially framed and still be true" is the basis of all their hopes of mediating and ending our cultural war.

All may be contingent, all may be relative; but, the authors claim, this prevalence of contingency and relativism does not mean the end of objectivity and the possibility of arriving at practical, workable truths in history writing. It is true that historians, like all humans, are subjective: they have passions, desires and political and personal agendas. But so did Newton and Darwin, and they were still capable of discovering objective scientific truths. We can never return to the absolutist world of nineteenth-century positivism, but the alternative to that world is not the postmodernist world of total subjectivity. There is another way of seeking truth, another way of demonstrating objectivity, and the authors are determined to show it. The instability of language, the subjectivity of human thought, the social construction of reality, the deconstruction of texts—none of these postmodern arguments can ultimately "undercut the ability to say meaningfully true things about the world."

By the time the authors get to the third and final part of their book, titled "A New Republic of Learning," they are prepared to offer a new theory of objectivity based on the "practical realism" developed by the philosopher Hilary Putnam. This practical realism, which owes a great deal to twentieth-century American pragmatism, recognizes that there cannot be an exact correspondence between words and what is out there; still, it continues to aim for as much accuracy and completeness as possible in the historical reconstruction of the past. Our interpretations of the past may be imperfect, but practical realism knows that "some words and conventions, however socially constructed, reach out to the world and give a reasonably true description of its contents."

The consequences of not being able to make distinctions between truth and falsehood can be terrifying. Nothing has been more jarring to the postmodern relativists, for example, than all those bogus scholars who assert that there was no Holocaust and back up their assertion with the postmodernist view that one person's view of the past is as good as another's, since there is no reality out there that can be verified. Examples like this one of denying the Holocaust have been far more effective in discrediting postmodernist theories than dozens of books.

In a final chapter titled "The Future of History," the authors offer a glowing vision of a new post-cold war world in which history will be able to be "imagined in markedly different ways." Here all the authors' neutrality and sagacity displayed earlier in the book seem to give way to partisanship and sentimental hopefulness. It is almost as if the authors, having so severely criticized the postmodernist history identified with the left, now feel the need to reestablish their credentials as liberals, lest anyone confuse them with Gertrude Himmelfarb. They admit that "muscular ideologues" exist on both the right and the left, but they now want to emphasize that most of the absolutism and rigidity in our cultural war can be blamed on the right, on the defenders of the status quo, whom they call traditionalists. "Even though they have identified some real weaknesses in postmodernism," these traditionalists actually have had the nerve to attack an array of educational initiatives that the authors very much favor, including multiculturalism. Himmelfarb, for example, has charged that multiculturalism not only politicizes and trivializes history, but that by pluralizing and particularizing history to the point where people have no history in common, it demeans and dehumanizes people and denies their common humanity. Himmelfarb sees no merit in multiculturalism, and dismisses it as a natural consequence of the destructive and disintegrative tendencies of postmodernism.

Since the authors themselves link multiculturalism to postmodernism, they have a tricky problem—trying to get rid of the evils of postmodernism without losing the benefits of multiculturalism in the process. There is no doubt that our understanding of American history has been profoundly enriched by what might be called a soft multicultural approach to history. In hundreds of books and articles written over the past several decades, the histories of hitherto neglected persons and groups, including women, Native Americans and African Americans, have been brought to life and made integral parts of our national history. Much of this soft multiculturalism is not new; we used to call it pluralism, which assumed a process of assimilation. Celebrating the distinctiveness of one's group or ethnicity always has been

Dear Hippopotamus

Move over, you tiny-eared, boulder-bodied
hog, let me kneel down with you, bleary-eyed
and mud-sunk. Water horse! Let me wallow
in your ivory-stained, peg-toothed dreams, following
the cool, sun-chased shadows while flamingos
arrive screeching pink from their distant coasts.
News of shocking continents! Let's listen
to the twirling, sliding, feathered whistles
of their courting colors, blurred and whirlpooled
down still air, like the bristling pods of burr seeds,
or the spinning of the wasp-stung beetle,
or the circling of the zinc-lined stars, reeling
night after night above your small, revolving
ears, while our great, slow, rock-bound bodies sleep.

CHRISTIANNE BALK

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part of the process of becoming American. Nineteenth- and twentieth-century immigrants, as historian John Higham has pointed out, often "constructed an ethnic identity and a new American identity concurrently."

What is new and alarming is the use of "identity politics" and what might be called hard multiculturalism to break up the nation into antagonistic and irreconcilable fragments. Such hard multiculturalism denies the possibility of assimilation and erodes our national sense of ourselves as Americans. The authors certainly are aware of the disintegrative dangers of this hard tendency of multiculturalism, but offer little to thwart it. They make a feeble attempt to defend the oneness of the nation, but actually spend most of their time praising diversity and the recent expressions of ethnic identity. Indeed, they go so far as to compare the demands for an Afrocentrist education for African Americans with what American colonists in 1776 did in providing a collective identity for themselves as detached Europeans—as if the Declaration of Independence were once just a piece of identity politics and no longer has any relevance for those Americans of non-European origin. And the authors wonder why so-called "traditionalists" such as Himmelfarb or Arthur Schlesinger Jr. are opposed to this sort of multiculturalism!

In the end the authors can only blame the cold war for everything. All that has gone wrong in contemporary American intellectual life—all the extreme relativism and skepticism, all the cynicism and bitter criticism, all the postmodernistic nihilism—they attribute to the cold war. "The cold war," they assert, "politicized all social thought.... For almost a half-century, it determined identities, magnified anxieties and permeated every intellectual enterprise." Even the traditionalists' opposition to multiculturalism is laid at the feet of the cold war, for such opposition "bears striking resemblances to the ideological marching orders of the cold war." Poor Dinesh D'Souza, who is too young to have experienced very much of the cold war, gets the brunt of the authors' attack because it is in his book, *Illiberal Education*, where "the workings of cold war logic can be seen most clearly.'

But now the cold war has suddenly ended. And with the ending of the cold war, the cultural struggle that has been tearing up America's intellectual life can presumably come to an end, too. Removing the restraints imposed by the cold war, the authors believe, has lowered "the stakes for ideologues on both the right and left" and increased the opportunity for examining the enterprise of truth-seeking in history in a dispassionate manner. A new era, "a new republic of learning," is now possible.

Appleby, Hunt and Jacob's attempt to connect our present cultural war to the cold war seems seriously misguided, but it is understandable. They have a vested interest in this linkage because of their faith in science. Science, they say, was tainted and corrupted by the cold war in which it was enlisted to fight. Now, with the end of the cold war, science will be able to regain its rightful place as the model of objective truth-seeking. And with the revitalization of science and the opening of a truly democratic arena of discourse, "relativism and the intellectual postures that feed into it will recede, departing in the company of the alienation engendered by the rigidities of the cold war." The authors have very high hopes for what will come out of the disappearance of the cold war. "In time of war," they write, "one attacks; in time of peace, one tries to find a common ground." The lions will lie down with the lambs and all will be well in the land.

GORDON S. WOOD is University Professor and professor of history at Brown University.

TRB *continued from page 4*

But opinion magazines don't publish in the long run. They publish in real time, they rightly worry about the consequences of the ideas they publish, and they make rapid judgments about complex arguments using the clues available—including evident biases of the author. Further, they are free to decide, before embracing an author and thus elevating the podium he'll use for years to come, whether his core values are the magazine's core values. Murray, in print and in person, struck many people at this magazine as a man whose core values are not ours—a man who, among other things, seems blinded to the unity of humankind by mere cultural quirks. Of course, it would take delusions of grandeur to think that our magazine could raise Murray's podium by more than an inch. Then again, if you don't have delusions of grandeur, why work at an opinion magazine? However great our folly, we mete out our inches stingily, as if they mattered. And, whatever the truth about race and I.Q., many people at this magazine felt that giving Charles Murray even an inch was regrettable.

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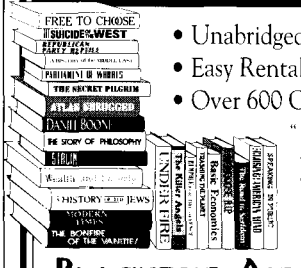

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WARSAW DIARIST

I, Walesa

IF THE WHOLE THING WERE NOT so damn destructive, it would be very exciting to watch the latest moves of Lech Walesa. The Polish president, hoping to revive his flagging career, has come up with a new style of governance, one that fuses control of the military, once the specialty of Latin American generals, with control of television, the forte of Italy's media-mogul leader Silvio Berlusconi. The electrician from Gdansk unified Poland when the country revolted against the Communists in 1980. In the five years since Poland's first free elections, however, he did what many once thought impossible: he alienated the politicians who stood behind him, thereby facilitating the victory of the ex-Communists in the 1993 parliamentary elections. In the past few weeks, the president has managed to unify the political elites once more. Only this time, they are arrayed *against* him, rejecting en bloc the methods that Walesa himself defined as being "on the fringe of the law."

WALESA ALWAYS WANTED TO MEDdle in the media. After striking out with the print media, he finally got his chance with the National Council of Radio and Television, a nine-member panel tasked with privatizing state broadcasters. Walesa was never really happy with the council—six of its members are appointed by Parliament and three by the president, who also names its chairperson. For Walesa's tastes, it was not docile enough. (But then nothing and nobody ever seems to be docile enough for his taste.) So he shifted his appointees around, replaced the chairperson illegally and threatened to reject the council's annual report. Two weeks ago, his uneasiness peaked. He fired the board's two most outspoken members—his own appointees, once staunch supporters and protégés. Though a court of law found the victims innocent of "grave errors"—the only grounds for dismissal—Walesa's crafty lawyer, Professor Lech Falandysz, came up with a number of legal excuses to justify the decision. (The professor's tactics gave birth to a new phrase—"to falandize the law"—meaning to distort it so that it suits its master's voice.) The firings were sustained for the simple reason that nothing could be done short of impeaching the president, and nobody really wanted to do that.

ASKED WHETHER HE WOULD TAKE back this decision, Walesa answered with typical modesty: "I always make the right decisions. I never back up [sic]." The next day, he added, "I did it because I am independent, self-governing and my name is The President," which was a not-so-distant echo of Louis XIV's "*L'état c'est moi*" (or perhaps a more distant echo of "My name is Legion," Mark V, 9). Is it any wonder that Walesa, once the most popular Pole, has managed to alienate almost everyone? Just listen to what he has said about his fellow (popularly elected) politicians. Concerning the well-mannered speaker of the Lower House, Józef Oleksy of the post-Communist Party, Walesa sputtered out of the blue during a radio interview: "Whenever he can he kneels down and goes to Jasna Góra [the main Polish shrine, in Czestochowa]. He wants to prove how good he is! And this is a disgusting, dirty [electoral] struggle!" The president added, "With what right does he incessantly jump all over me!?"—a rather funny figure of speech for those familiar with the hefty Oleksy. Of Prime Minister Waldemar Pawlak, Walesa proclaimed with even more linguistic chaos: "The system makes that I do not have a doping, not even for Prime Minister Pawlak and his wife.... If I had a system of doping, if I were fixed into the executive system, then there would be doping or change of horses." These declarations, I hasten to add, are equally ungrammatical and nonsensical in Polish; trust me—nothing is lost (or gained!) in translation. Pity the plight of Poland's political commentators. There are times when no one has a clue what Walesa is saying.

REMEMBER GEORGE BUSH'S MANgled diction? Walesa's is even more terrifying. Take this: "I want to change the situation so that it will be more efficient, and what I will have to do is another matter." This sentence referred to military reform, and the phrase "another matter" referred to Walesa's other on-the-fringe-of-the-law plot. At a meeting in a military camp in Drawsko on September 30, Walesa, wearing a combat uniform, acted combatively. He gathered the generals, the chief of staff and the civilian minister of defense, retired Admiral Piotr Kolodziejczyk, and then asked the generals whether they could serve under Kolodziejczyk. All but two said "no," and ten days later Walesa asked the minister (again *his* appointee) to step down. Imagine Clinton asking Joint Chiefs of Staff Chairman Gen. John Shalikashvili and his fellow joint chiefs for a vote of confidence on Defense Secretary William Perry? Well, this is what happened in Drawsko. When the Parliament's Freedom Union caucus—led by former Prime Minister Tadeusz Mazowiecki and including many of the president's former friends and advisers—invited Walesa for a meeting and criticized his decisions, the president had this to say: "I will not break any law, but law is one thing and victory is another thing and those two things have to be reconciled." Alarmed, the Lower House voted 305 to eighteen (twenty-two abstentions) to issue the following statement: "Polish democracy is in danger. The actions of the president that violate the apolitical character of the army and the independence of the National Council of Radio and Television are destabilizing the constitutional order." The next day the president said that the Lower House had no right to make such appeals. Walesa's spokesman, in the best tradition of Communist times, when the comrades always made sure to demonstrate the masses' support of the leader, conveyed the president's "gratitude to the individuals and institutions from Poland and from abroad who have expressed their sympathy with the president."

WALESA'S BEHAVIOR HITHERTO does not promise a serene future if we get him for yet another term. But chances are we won't. An opinion poll taken this month showed him coming in sixth among twelve potential candidates. For that showing, he garnered an anemic 7 percent. Still, the only thing that may be more dangerous than Walesa re-elected is Walesa not re-elected. As one commentator put it, he would be like "dynamite under the pillow." Not many other Nobel Peace Prize winners would fit this description (*pace* Mr. Nobel's invention). *A propos*, a member of the Oslo Nobel Committee has just resigned, declaring that one of this year's co-recipients, PLO Chairman Yasir Arafat, has an unpredictable future and should not be awarded the prize. This makes us laugh here in Warsaw. Come to Poland and see for yourself what "unpredictability" of a Nobel Peace Prize winner can really mean.

ANNA HUSARSKA

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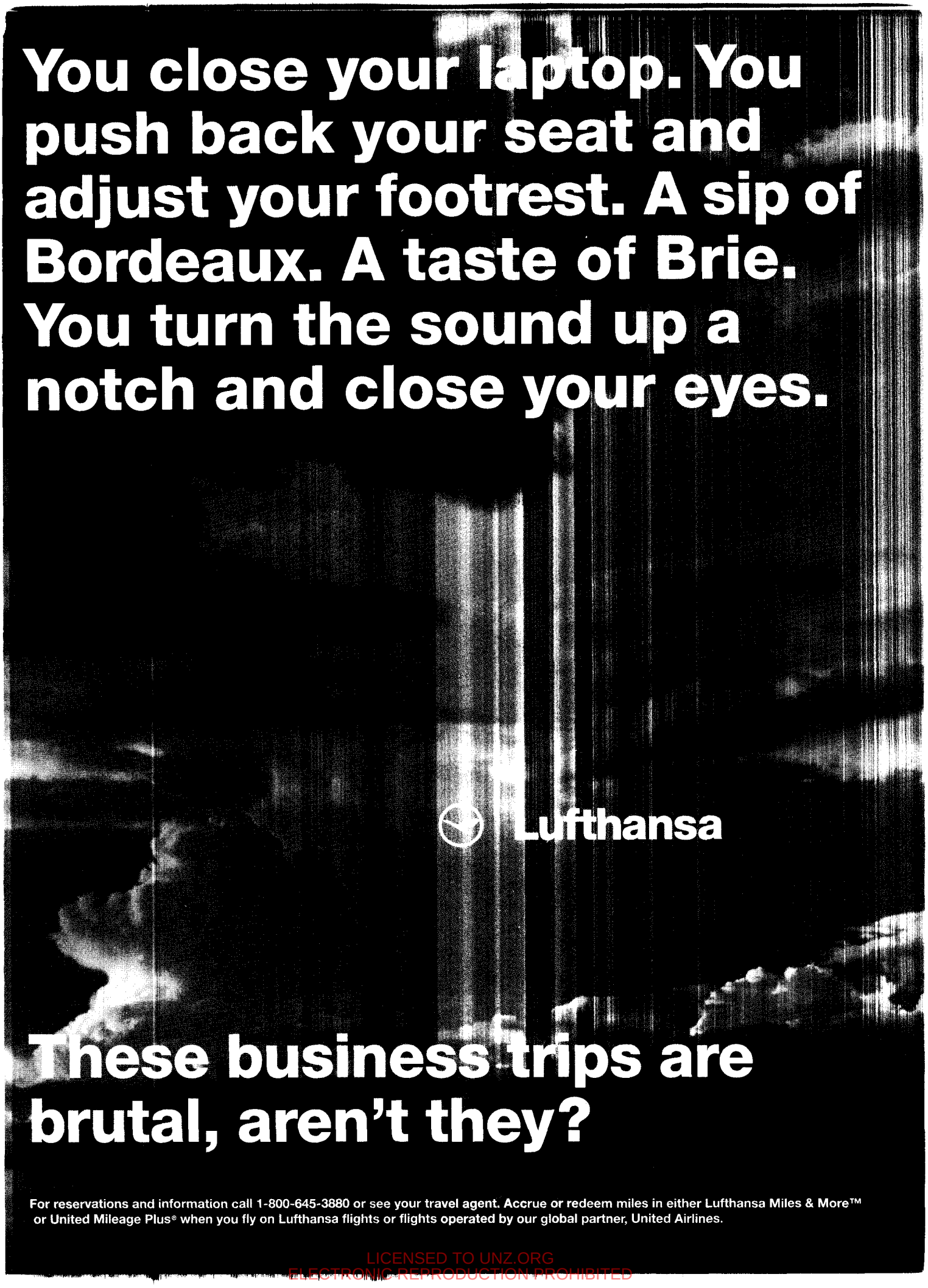
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